THE

SYMPATHY

OF

SOULS.

THE

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OF

SOULS,

By Mr. WIELAND,

ATTEMPTED FROM THE FRENCH,

AND

REVISED AFTER THE ORIGINAL GERMAN.

(Entered at Stationers Hall.)

Il eſt des noeuds ſecrets, il eſt des Sympathies,
Dont par le doux rapports, les ames aſſorties
S'attachent l'une a l'autre, et ſe laiſſent piquer
Par ce, je ne ſais quoi, qu'on ne peut expliquer.
CORN.

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MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

EXPLANATION.

The Tranſlator apprehenſive that ſome Readers may be more or leſs unacquainted with the different Names contained in this Work, thinks it his Duty to give a ſhort Explanation of them.

Page 3. Pygmalion, the ſon of Cilix who made a beautiful ſtatue with which he fell in love, and it being animated by Venus, he afterwards married the ſame.

Page 6. Lais, a Courtezan of Corinth.

Page 19. Bodmer, a German Poet, author of many excellent epic poems.—Richardſon, author of the hiſtory of Pamela, Clariſſa, Grandiſon, &c.

Page 23. Byron, the heroine, and Shirley a perſonage in the hiſtory of Grandiſon.

Page 31. Amphion and Orpheus, ſons of Jupiter who by the charms of their muſic put lifeleſs things in motion.

Page 42, 43. Genius and Genii, guardian angels.

Page 48. Clementina, alſo a perſonage in the hiſtory of Grandiſon.

Page 57. Leda, ſpouſe to Tyndarus, whoſe beauty attracted the notice of Jupiter, by whom ſhe was courted in the ſhape of a Swan.

Page 65. Fawns, rural gods—Mænades, the companions of Bacchus.

Page 66. Hercules, ſon of Jupiter, famous for his gigantic enterprizes.

Page 68. Anacreon, author of many bacchanalion ſongs—Pyrene, daughter of Babryx who loſt her chaſtity.—Xenophon and Plutarch, Greek authors—Plato, a celebrated Philoſopher.

Page

EXPLANATION.

Page 69. Lavinia, daughter of Latinus, a Lady of exemplary Virtue given in marriage to Æneas to recompence his heroical exploits. —Circe, a noted enchantreſs.

Page 82—Philomel, from Philomela daughter of an Athenian King, who having been raviſhed, had her tongue cut out by her brother in law, and was changed into a nightingale. —Olympus, the higheſt mountain in Theſſaly, where the heathen gods were ſaid to reſide.

Page 124. B— alludes to Boileau, a celebrated French writer in the reign of Louis XIV.

Page 125. Cotin, an Abbot, who lived alſo in the reign of Louis XIV. and in literary controverſy with the former.

Page 131. Juvenal, a Roman author and zealous moraliſt.

Page 147. Epaminondas, and Ariſtides, Greek generals, and Cato a Roman, all three celebrated for their juſtice and integrity.

Page 148. Homer, a celebrated Greek Poet— Lucian, a Roman Satiriſt.

Page 153. Albion, the ſon of Neptune, killed by Hercules, whom he had attacked.

N.B. *The reſt of the Names, chiefly in the begining of the Chapters, are ſuppoſed to have no particular alluſion.*

ERRATA.

Page 30, *line* 2, *for* deſarts *read* deſerts.
—— 69, *line* 8, *for* ? interrogation *after the words* "well diſpoſed of"? *read* ; ſemicolon.
—— 71, *line* 10, *for* reclaim *read* declaim.
—— 72, *line* 10, *for* fall aſleep *read* repoſe.
——114, *line* 7, *for* Platonians *read* Platoniſts.

To the READER.

The Tranſlator after having finiſhed the Verſion from the French, being deſirous to collate it with the Original German, procured the ſame with ſome difficulty, but too late for a *minute reviſion*. However, he flatters himſelf that, where the tranſlation deviates from the exact expreſſion of Mr. WIELAND, the ſenſe has been nearly preſerved: though he freely confeſſes, that in ſome inſtances, where the peculiar idiom of the German prevails, he finds it impoſſible to render fully the elegance of the Original.

TO THE

QUEEN.

MADAM!

A Loyal admirer of your Majeſty's ſo conſpicuouſly exalted and juſtly celebrated virtues, humbly craves your Royal condeſcenſion to permit this ſmall volume, attempted as a tranſlation from a work originally written in your Majeſty's native language, to be laid at the foot of Your throne.

The

The practice and promotion of moral goodneſs, ever characteriſtic in Your Royal boſom, and in that of your Illuſtrious Conſort, in a time when a taſte for diſſipation has ſo apparently gained aſcendency over innocent and more rational amuſements, have induced me thus publicly to aſpire to (though not daring to hope for) your Majeſty's gracious ſanction to theſe pages, which under Your Auguſt Patronage might influence ſuſceptible minds to accede to that number, by Royal precedent

dent already become adherents to virtue.

To enumerate the many inſtances of your Majeſty's peculiar goodneſs and clemency, or to record them in panegyrics adequate to their worth, would be an attempt far beyond my feeble abilities. The firſt are engraved in the memories of admiring ſubjects; the latter is better felt than expreſſed, in the innate ſenſations of thoſe objects favoured by Your immediate Royal bounty, in whoſe hearts altars of grati-

tude are raiſed, the incenſe whereof kindling to fervent, though ſilent ſupplications, pierces the ætherial regions, and flames to the High-altar of the *Sanctum ſanctorum*, to implore the ſacred bleſſings of the Omnipotent, on You, our guardian Angels, and Your Poſterity.

Although addreſſes of this kind are frequently ſuppoſed to proceed from the organs of flattery, yet where they are founded on plain truths, equal to mathematical demonſtration,

tion, flattery itſelf falls ſhort of encomiums.

A proof in the preſent inſtance is the late proclamation, which will prevent many a profane tongue from ſhocking the ear of virtue and religion; and while it obviates the fallacious arguments of many a refined ſophiſt, will raiſe the colour of ſhame in the face of many a profeſſed courtier; nay, the better part of mankind, in the remoteſt countries, where licentiouſneſs in its kind is tolerated on the Lord's-day, will confeſs, that Britain boaſts of a Monarch and a Queen as

virtuous as ever graced the throne of the greateſt empire.

My avocations differing from thoſe of an author; and the ſmall circle of my acquaintance too remote from your Royal throne; together with a kind of apprehenſion, that on a ſolicitation, my motives might poſſibly be miſinterpreted by thoſe thro' whoſe intereſt I wiſhed to ſolicit your gracious permiſſion, have made me reluctantly decline my firſt intention, humbly hoping your Majeſty's well-known affability will graciouſly pardon this preſumptu-

ous addreſs of a heart, which though unqualified to embelliſh its ardent feelings with ſhining expreſſions, yet challenges any mortal in the ſincere fervency of its wiſhes for the welfare and happineſs of your Majeſty, of your Royal Conſort, and of your whole Illuſtrious Family.

I am, with the moſt profound reſpect,

MADAM,

YOURS AND HIS MAJESTY'S

Moſt obedient

And humble Servant,

F. A. Winzer.

PREFACE.

By the TRANSLATOR.

THESE pages, intled "SYMPATHY OF SOULS," *are the production of Mr.* Wieland, *a celebrated German author; moſt of whoſe works have been tranſlated into different languages, of which the Hiſtory of Lady Sternheim, and that of Agathon, have already appeared in Engliſh, and been received with general approbation.*

Thoſe more immediately acquainted with his writings will agree, that his chief aim is to evince, that ſublunary felicity, however imperfect in itſelf originates more (if not entirely) from morally-ideal, or imaginary repreſentations, than from phyſical or ſenſual enjoyments.

It will be found, that the contents of this volume ſtrongly allude to the opinion ſuggeſted, which the title itſelf proves to indicate.

How far he has ſucceeded would be arrogance in me to aſcertain, and can only be decided by the particular inmoſt feelings of thoſe readers, who, by the ſtandard of reaſon, eſſay the maxims of others, previous to forming a decided judgment.

This, I would not wiſh to be underſtood as in oppoſition to the ſentiments of Wieland, with whom I chiefly coincide; but only as an intimation to a certain claſs of readers, not very choice in their ſubjects, that no blind reliance, or ſuperficial conſideration, ſhould perſuade them of the candid ingenuity of ſophiſtical arguments, the pernicious conſequences whereof are but too frequent in modern times.

times. It is pretty obvious that a man who never forms an opinion of his own, muſt be void of principles, and in ſuch minds the effects are the more dangerous; for the impreſſions of a virtuous writer are the eaſier effaced by a profane one, even without recurring to ſophiſm.

Reſpecting the general merits of this compoſition, I ſhall only repeat the words of the French tranſlator—viz. "*That,* "*without writing a hyperbolical ſatire* "*of vices, Mr. Wieland has painted the* "*oppoſite virtues in ſuch lively colours—* "*has exerted ſo much taſte and elegance* "*even with energy and pomp of ex-* "*preſſion, as to make us forgetful of vice,* "*and love virtue only.*"

Mere accident brought a French verſion into my hands, when on a ſhort peruſal, pleaſed with the elegance of ſtyle and purity of ſentiments, I reſolved on the tranſlation,

lation, chiefly from a motive of improving in the Engliſh tongue, to which I confeſs myſelf very partial, not only for its equalling in copiouſneſs, but alſo excelling in conciſeneſs of expreſſion, any European language.

I imperceptibly finiſhed the ſame at my leiſure hours, under an idea of recreation, and being perſuaded by a friend, I now venture the publication.

My entire unacquaintance three years ago with the Engliſh language, as alſo my conſtant avocations, I hope will, in ſome degree, atone for the incorrectneſs of ſtyle, or idiomatical errors; and where I may be diſcovered to have ventured a few ideas of my own, I claim the indulgence of the generous reader.

THE SYMPATHY OF SOULS.

CHAP I.

WHAT felicity, O Cephiſe! for ſympathetic ſouls to be able to meet! For thoſe ſouls, who perhaps did already love each other under the regions of another heaven, to meet again upon this globe, and after faintly remembering themſelves, endeavour to trace their reſembling features as one recollects a dream, which left a confuſed, but agreeable ſenſation, in one's ideas.

Perhaps fate ſeparated them when they deſcended from the happier realms, to begin their career among us; years, countries and ſeas ſeem often to have parted them for ever; but ſuch are only feeble obſtructions, their guardian angels triumph in reuniting them.

Scarce have they overcome the aſtoniſhment, into which they were thrown by their fall on this earthly Chaos, they are affected by ſecret and unknown deſires—they languiſh for a good which is miſſing to them—they are uneaſy, and in the paſſionate languiſh they endure in not finding it immediately, they bury themſelves in ſolitary ſhades.

There

There, dreams on the wings of night, preſent to thoſe ſouls retired within themſelves, thouſands of forms of things without affecting them.

At laſt they create themſelves an amiable image which they adorn and love. They wiſh, with Pygmalion, it might be animated, without knowing that this is the image of a prototype, whoſe features they only remember. How ſweet muſt their aſtoniſhment be, when finding one another again, by a good fortune no more hoped for! A ſecret and irreſiſtible charm, a kind of attraction one cannot explain, brings them nearer to one another. They behold and

love—they conſider farther and love more. And how could they avoid loving each other? The ſweeteſt harmony, the moſt perfect intelligence, guides and animates them. Nature offers them no charms of which they are not alternately ſenſible.

The pure azure of heaven, balſamic flowers, enamel'd meadows, where the pellucid moon ſeems to reſt in the boſom of deep; above all theſe divine emanations, as goodneſs, love of duties, and that virtue, which although ſurrounded by the turbulent diverſions of a degenerate world, remains faithful to the voice of heaven, touch them with reciprocal

procal force. What delight muſt they find in mutually entruſting each other with their utmoſt ſecrets! How eaſily do they underſtand each other! How rapidly flow the ſentiments of one ſoul into the other! They ſeem to be only two parts, which the tenderest friendſhip reunites into one ſoul. There is no ſublime idea, no tender ſentiment, no agreeable hope, nor noble undertaking, which is not common to both— no diſſonance in the one which ſhould not be transformed into harmony by the other. The deſire of reſembling more and more the ſupreme Being, and to return to that ſacred aſſylum which they were forced to leave; this ſupreme deſire (whether we

give it the name of virtue or religion) joins them in all their thoughts and actions. Can there exiſt any ſuch harmony in ſouls without virtue ?

O be careful, ye vulgar ſouls, who by avarice and debauchery, or vile inclinations, are ſtruggling for a ſhort time under the ſame yoke, not to profane theſe ſacred names ! Do not call ſympathy, thoſe ſhameful affections which reunite you, and which you in vain diſguiſe under the names of love and friendſhip; as the celebrated Lais endeavoured to hide a moral deformity under her roſy cheeks. Be contented to follow the inſtinct, conducting you to your pleaſures; we do not envy

vy them; but mean time do not remove from the boundary where they detain you, and let us contemplate the world in a point of view more elevated! What ſoft hopes fill our ſouls! How different are the benefits they promiſe from thoſe pleaſures you are plunged into, and which vaniſh as the glooms of night before the appearance of Aurora! How diſdainfully do we ſurvey thoſe chimeras which engage you, being poſſeſſed of no reality, but in your imagination which creates them! Our ſouls enjoy themſelves! they are not carried away by thoſe vain deſires, by thoſe tumultuous diverſions, whence your diſguſt and vexations originate;—they prepare themſelves another feli-

city:—they raiſe themſelves towards, and anticipate their firſt abode.

Is it not reaſonable to ſuppoſe, that thoſe bleſſed with ſimilar feelings, ſhould have a ſpiritual connection between them, or be near one another; nay, even without having met or made a mutual effuſion of their ſentiments? Their inclinations are the ſame—their prayers aſcend together to heaven—their minds tend equally towards perfection, and their hopes reunite in the ſame point. However a thin veil ſuſpended between them often prevents their remembrance of each other; nay, there are ſome who will meet again only in a life to come. It is thus the

Almighty

Almighty has ordered it! Earth ſhould not reſemble heaven! But a benevolent deſtiny diſpoſes often in a manner that they meet here; and though time and diſtance may have ſeparated them, ingenuity has aſſiſted the deſires of their hearts, in finding out means to bring them together in one moment, and to join the living with thoſe revered ſhades, whoſe virtues regenerate with the years of fleeting centuries.

How often, when my ſoul eſcaping the diſtractions of day, to plunge herſelf in the ſilent ſhades of night, how often does ſhe entertain herſelf with the inviſible objects reſembling her! How often am I enchanted with

the flattering idea of there being a *proximity* between ſpirits!

With what tranſport do I perſuade myſelf of there being many ſouls analogous to my own, diſperſed upon this globe; who perhaps like me, retired under ſolitary ſhades, this very inſtant entertain themſelves with the ſame ideas, and the ſame reflections.

There in a calm delight, yielding to delicious dreams, I aſcend, in idea, to trace thoſe ſympathetic ſouls, and to participate in the circumſtances they may be involved in. Perhaps, ſay I to myſelf, this one languiſhes for a friend, to whom ſhe could unboſom her heart, and who, penetrated

netrated by her pains, might aſſiſt with a kind advice which ſhe is in want of. Perhaps that other, without experience, is in need of inſtructions. I make myſelf uneaſy concerning the danger which another ſoul runs, who ſtaggering on the brink, is ready to ſlide down the precipice, and requiring to be checked. Yonder I perceive another, who overpowered by the weight of afflictions, ſhould be reanimated. It is thus I repreſent to myſelf a number of circumſtances wherein my deareſt friends may find themſelves involved—thoſe ſouls, whoſe tutelar ſpirits are the confidants of my own; conſidering, full of tender friendſhip, in what manner I might inſtruct, com-

fort, reanimate, or confirm them —blame, or recompence them, by merited applauſes. It is then I form the ideas I trace here, finding the ſweeteſt ſatisfaction to entertain myſelf with my abſent friends, in procuring them the ſame innocent pleaſure I taſte.

Accept then, ye ſenſible ſouls, bleſſed by heaven with the hallowed treaſures of ſympathy, and nearer related to me than the reſt of mankind, for the greater part of whom no other kind of love can poſſibly be entertained than that of pity—accept theſe myſterious converſations, theſe effuſions of a tender feeling heart, from one who ardently wiſhes, and firmly hopes, one day to join

you

procal force. What delight muſt they find in mutually entruſting each other with their utmoſt ſecrets! How eaſily do they underſtand each other! How rapidly flow the ſentiments of one ſoul into the other! They ſeem to be only two parts, which the tendereſt friendſhip reunites into one ſoul. There is no ſublime idea, no tender ſentiment, no agreeable hope, nor noble undertaking, which is not common to both — no diſſonance in the one which ſhould not be transformed into harmony by the other. The deſire of reſembling more and more the ſupreme Being, and to return to that ſacred aſſylum which they were forced to leave; this ſupreme deſire whether we

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pity. I will inſpire them with a provoking admiration for thee.

Behold thyſelf arrived to an age in which the world obſerves thee. Do not truſt to its deceitful glances, nor its faithleſs applauſes. Thy beauty attracts regard; but thy beauty alone does not deſerve it. It is time I ſhould acquaint thee with thy deſtiny; but too well do I know the force of ſympathy. A ſecret voice prevents me imparting to thy ſoul all I wiſh to inform thee of. Yes, thou knoweſt already, that all viſible is but a ſhadow, reflectent of the inviſible, the divine and eternal Being. The ſoul is the image of Divinity, and thy figure only the image of thy

thy ſoul. It is an emanation of the Deity which lends thee theſe colours, theſe graces, whence thou deriveſt thy ſplendid attractions. But conſider, Celia, at what price thou receiveſt them! Thy beauty is a promiſe of thy ſoul to perform only great and noble actions, worthy of emulation. It is a charm which ſhould render us attentive to inſtructive virtue. A fair one ſhould give leſſons by her examples. Virtue, which under the appearance of beauty, preſents itſelf in the midſt of men—acts before their eyes and teaches them,—pleaſes more—touches with more tenderneſs, and makes a deeper impreſſion on the heart, than the

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precepts of philoſophers, or the more ſublime fictions of a Bodmer or Richardſon. How affecting is modeſty when it colours a beautiful face! With what ſweetneſs, nay, delightful ſoftneſs flow the ſentiments of a tender heart in paſſing two fine purple lips! How melting are the raptures—how enchanting are the emotions imparted by a pair of bright and languiſhing eyes, when caſt up to heaven, expreſſing the moſt tender feelings, the moſt ſublime thoughts of an innocent ſoul!

Ah Celia! thou art able to become the benefactreſs of mankind to fill all noble ſouls with admiration and love. What a triumph

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umph for thee! and what ſhame for thoſe contemptible beings, who doubt whether an unſhaken virtue could harbour in a tender breaſt, and be a companion of youth! Attracted by thy charms, how many might be compelled to revere virtue againſt their inclinations. Many, whoſe taſte has been depraved by the contagious notions and ſophiſtical ſubtilties predominant among the men of faſhion, might by being familiarized with its beauties, find it more and more amiable.—It might even be imagined by many that an angel were deſcended from the heavenly regions, to aſſay by different actions, if beauty and

you in that ſacred abode, where all ſublime deſires are centered in everlaſtingly celebrating the glory of him who commands the Univerſe! Ye only comprehend my language—no where but in your boſoms can ſympathetic ſenſations anſwer my own.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

THOU knoweſt not yet, fair Celia, the tendereſt of lovers. Thy charms aſſemble a crowd around thee; but is it thee whom they love? Thou wouldſt betray little knowledge of thy own worth, in growing proud of their praiſe. They do not love thee, dear Celia, they only endeavour to ſeduce thee. The leaſt of thy attractions promiſes them enchanting and rapturous pleaſures; it is theſe which they love, as Eve loved the fruit which ſeemed ſo agreeable

able in her eyes, and yet more ſo to taſte. Do not confound me with them: what a difference between them and me! for I, who never beheld thee with corporeal eyes, do contemplate the graces of thy mind with ſpiritual ones—I only behold thee with the eyes of innocence. And O! what inmoſt concealed beauties, excelling thy apparent charms, do I perceive through that enchanting form, which ſeems to have exhauſted the art of nature! Flowers, pictures, ſtatues, I can admire; but do they poſſeſs that divine impreſſion which diſtinguiſhes, nay, elevates thee as far above earthly concerns as the heavenly ſeraphs ſoar above

the winged meſſengers of approaching ſummer.

Liſten to me, my Celia; I am unacquainted with the art of flattery. A genius, an inviſible lover is not in need of its aſſiſtance. I am going to tell thee things more true, and more agreeable, than all the adulators of thy unveiling charms are able to utter. I will inſpire thy heart with a ſacred pride. Thou knoweſt thoſe women in whom nature or art has neglected to diſcloſe that, which is moſt eſſential; thoſe women whoſe whole life may be compared to that of flowers, which bloſſoming are gathered, and decay ſoon after their birth; they are no more deſerving of thy pity.

pity. I will inſpire them with a provoking admiration for thee.

Behold thyſelf arrived to an age in which the world obſerves thee. Do not truſt to its deceitful glances, nor its faithleſs applauſes. Thy beauty attracts regard; but thy beauty alone does not deſerve it. It is time I ſhould acquaint thee with thy deſtiny; but too well do I know the force of ſympathy. A ſecret voice prevents me imparting to thy ſoul all I wiſh to inform thee of: Yes, thou knoweſt already, that all the viſible is but a ſhadow, reſilient of the inviſible, the divine and eternal Being. Thy ſoul is the image of divinity, and thy figure only the image of thy

thy ſoul. It is divinity who lends thee theſe colours, theſe graces, whence thou deriveſt thy ſplendid attractions. But conſider, Celia, at what price thou receiveſt them! Thy beauty is a promiſe of thy ſoul to perform only great and noble actions, worthy of emulation. It is a charm which ſhould render us attentive to inſtructive virtue. A fair one ſhould give leſſons by her examples. Virtue, which under the appearance of beauty, preſents itſelf in the midſt of men—acts before their eyes, and teaches them,—pleaſes more—touches with more tenderneſs, and makes a deeper impreſſion on the heart, than reaſoning through the organization of philoſophers,

loſophers, or ſhewing itſelf in the moſt ſublime fictions of Bodmer* or Richardſon.† How touching is modeſty when it colours a beautiful face? with what ſweetneſs, nay, delightful ſoftneſs flow the ſentiments of a tender heart in paſſing two fine purple lips! How melting are the raptures! how enchanting are the emotions imparted by a pair of bright and languiſhing eyes, when caſt up to heaven, expreſſing the moſt tender feelings, the moſt ſublime thoughts of an innocent ſoul!

Ah Celia! thou art able to become the benefactreſs of mankind,

* A celebrated German poet, author of many excellent epic poems.

† A name celebrated every where.

to fill all noble ſouls with admiration and love.—What a triumph for thee! and what ſhame for thoſe contemptible beings, who doubt whether an unſhaken virtue could harbour in a tender breaſt, and be a companion of youth! Attracted by thy charms, how many might be compelled to revere virtue againſt their inclinations. Many, whoſe taſte has been depraved by the contagious notions and ſophiſtical ſubtilties predominant among the men of faſhion, might be familiarized with its beauties, and find it more and more amiable.

One ſhould imagine an angel deſcended from above to aſſay, by different actions, if beauty and

and virtue united together, might not affect thoſe perverſe hearts, too corrupted to love virtue for its own excellence. Do not diſappoint the deſigns of the Creator who formed thee. Do not transform thy graces into the ſeducing ſmiles of thoſe dangerous ſyrens, who lay the ſnares of death for us. Pardon, dear friend, this reaſonable ardour of mine, for I know thy heart: Thou rather prefereſt loſing thy raviſhing attractions than to hide a moral deformity under a beguiling maſk, or a ſerpent ſoul under colours of beautiful flowers. I perceive a noble conſciouſneſs of innocence ſparkling in thy eyes — A ſacred impulſive foreſight vibrates the feelings of thy virtuous heart.

heart. It makes thee disdain those despicable flatteries of human insects, under whatever alluring colours they may appear. It induces thee to aspire to the applauses of the King and Judge of the Universe; who penetrates the labyrinth of our inclinations, by the purity of which each of our actions will be measured. Whoever wishes them sincerely deserves to earn them. How will the friends of virtue esteem and love thee, Celia! What a heaven of felicity will the happy mortal enjoy in thy possession, whom Providence has fixed upon to gain thy heart for the price of his own virtues? How happy will be the children formed to innocence on thy maternal bosom!

Thou

Thou wilt equal a Byron in thy blooming days. A venerable Shirley, when ſilver'd hair ſhall cover thy head. Revolving years, in time, will take away the roſes of thy cheeks; but the pure harmonic features of thy ſoul will be preſerved on thy countenance.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

WHAT diſmal clouds, dear Alceſte, are ſpread over thy always joyful countenance? No more do I ſee ſhine there the ſweets of amenity.—Whence proceed theſe heavy glances, theſe gloomy wrinkles, which have taken the place of amiable ſerenity on thy forehead? Who could have excited theſe emotions of anger?

" The human ſpecies! men in
" my eyes are nothing but mon-
" ſters, whom I deſpiſe and whom
I hate

" I hate. Their follies and vices,
" their perverſe manner of think-
" ing and judging renders them
" inſupportable to me. And who
" would not deteſt them on
" ſeeing their falſity—on en-
" during the effects of their
" malice? I behold them in
" every point of view!—They
" do not offer one amiable ſymp-
" ton. Once they could make
" themſelves beloved—but alas!
" at what time? In leaving the
" hands of their maker—in the
" time of their firſt innocence.
" They learned, and became
" what they are. —— They
" boaſt of reaſon, and juſt
" as if they diſdained it, they
" never liſten to its dictates.—
" Preſumptuous—outrageous—

" when fortune ſmiles on them:
" they cringe and degenerate into
" the baſeſt of meanneſſes, as ſoon
" as they meet with ſomething
" ſiniſter. They are always out
" of their ſphere, and ſeek a hap-
" pineſs where there is none."

" O truth! what empire
" holdeſt thou over them?—
" They diſdain thee—thou mayſt
" charm them with the ſim-
" plicity of thy beauty; but
" they prefer the groſſeſt errors
" to that, which unornamented,
" proves the moſt beautiful.—
" They hate themſelves for the
" ſake of a God, in whom they do
" not believe. His thunder
" muſt frighten them when they
" ſhall remember him, or the
" awful

" awful aſpect of approaching
" death drag them before his
" tribunal by the conſcience of
" their tranſgreſſions, as by the
" furies armed with their ſer-
" pents. They ſet up for le-
" giſlators, in making them-
" ſelves laws to reſtrain their un-
" bridled paſſions; and yet theſe
" very paſſions are generally the
" laws which determine their
" actions: Nay, there are ſome
" who fear not to be flagitious
" before the face of heaven and
" earth; and thoſe who are yet
" capable of bluſhing, have to
" maſk their perverſeneſs, in-
" vented falſe virtues — exer-
" ciſing them inſtead of real
" ones, of which they have nei-
" ther feeling nor comprehen-

 " ſion.

" ſion. Unhappy wretches! Re-
" ligion itſelf offers them an eter-
" nity of glory and recompence,
" to perform only what from
" ſelf-intereſt they ought to do;
" but religion excites them in
" vain—it has no power to re-
" form or perſuade them to be-
" come wiſe. What a diſorder!
" What an uproar! What moral
" contradictions in this world of
" men! Ah! what might a
" man be, if he was what he
" ſhould be? An angel upon
" earth. But what is he? Beaſts
" would be aſhamed to be com-
" pared to him, ſince from a
" wiſe, tender, benevolent crea-
" ture, he is grown a proud,
" cruel, dangerous monſter;—a
" real monſter, being a horror

" to

" to human nature; which ought
" to plunge him into the un-
" fathomable gulph whence he
" has been drawn, and where
" alone he would find his
" equals."

Hold, Alceſtes, that is enough. Thou mayſt employ all thy life time entirely in exclaiming againſt men, if thou beholdeſt them always through ſuch an optic. But what conſequence intendeſt thou to draw from thy violent ſatire?

" What conſequence! that it
" is a hell for an honeſt ſoul to
" dwell among them, and to eye
" their follies in ſilence, as a
" ſtatue, whence they have no-

" thing to dread; or to be
" always expoſed to their ſtu-
" pid raillery—their ſophiſti-
" cal art——their cruel ven-
" geance! Who has not ex-
" perienced ſome horrid ſymp-
" tons of their ingratitude?—
" What man, poſſeſſed of reaſon
" and probity, can be an eaſy or
" an indifferent ſpectator? But
" they muſt expect nothing more
" from me. My ſoul revolts at
" their aſpect; but leaves them as
" they are. What ſervice could
" my vain deſire be to ſee them
" better? My ardent, but fruit-
" leſs zeal, ſhall no longer con-
" ſume my tranquillity. I am
" going to hide myſelf in ſoli-
" tude — in inacceſſible deſarts,
" where the graſs never withered

under

" under their contagious veſtiges.
" Let furious lions and devour-
" ing tigers, nay, the moſt veno-
" mous ſerpents abide there—
" what does it ſignify? There
" is not a manſion on earth
" where, unſullied by human
" eyes, I could not find a pa-
" radiſe."

Is ſuch thy reſolution? thou meaneſt thus to alleviate thy deſtiny: with thy own wiſdom thou intendeſt to correct the error of Providence, who ranked thee among men. No doubt but thou wilt excel the wonders of Amphion and Orpheus; and by the magic force of thy philoſophy, wilt fully qualify the moſt ſavage beaſts for thy ſociety: but

when thou canſt find nobody to whom to impart thy reflections —when no one can love nor admire thee—doſt thou think to eſcape the vexations of ſolitude? Doſt thou ſuppoſe it to be always agreeable or entertaining to converſe with trees?— But ſuffer me to interrogate thee; What may have inſpired thee with this fury?

" Calumny—it is let looſe
" againſt me. I have been the
" object of its moſt venomous
" atrocity, and through the or-
" gan of a monſter, whom I have
" aſſiſted in the moſt preſſing
" wants; it hath exalted all its
" horrors."

Is

Is it that which rouſes thy bile? The action is certainly black; but ſhould it have raiſed ſuch a violent tempeſt in the ſoul of a ſage? For thou muſt perceive it to be highly unjuſt, merely for the ſake of one deſerving thy ſcorn, to be, without the leaſt diſtinction, irritated againſt all mankind.

" And did not all mankind
" believe it to be true?—are
" they not equally culpable and
" equally puniſhable? What
" can be objected againſt the
" truth of the picture I have
" drawn?"

Perhaps many and many things: But only anſwer this

 queſtion:

queſtion: Are there no virtuous men in this world?

"No doubt there are ſome;
"but alas! ſo few in number,
"that they cannot be compared
"with the numberleſs wick-
"ed."

Thou art too precipitate a judge. Know that one ſingle virtuous man will over balance a hell crouded with ſinners. But why doſt thou reduce the virtuous to ſo ſmall a number? doſt thou not know many? doſt thou not compute thyſelf as one of them? and doſt thou ſuppoſe that all thou art unacquainted with muſt be the leſs virtuous? Are the regiſters of heaven entirely blank?

Can

Can the pleaſures of a liberal mind in ſeeing one virtuous man, be leſſened by the view of ten tranſgreſſors? But liſten to me; thou loveſt ſincerity—thus thou canſt not be diſſatisfied with my frankneſs. Didſt thou ever examine properly, if not a paſſion, perhaps more humiliating than thou art aware off, has darkened that internal eye which ſhould ſerve thee for a light to inſpect the inmoſt receſſes of thy own heart?

Thou knoweſt the nature of paſſions; they aggrandiſe all objects, and lend them their proper forms: they are our moſt ancient, our moſt ſeducing ſophiſts. Intoxicated with the power of paſſion, the ſectary of Mahomet

diſcovers, in the midſt of bloody battles, a heaven full of handſome and black-eyed women. The ambitious caſt their view always to the moſt important places, although they are frequently unfit to fill the ſmalleſt employment; and thou ſeeſt nothing but follies, vices and diſorders in this world.

Notwithſtanding yeſterday—ah! thou bluſheſt—yes! only yeſterday it did not appear to thee quite ſo monſtrous, when thou didſt return from a viſit to Delia, who had delighted thee. What ſatisfaction reigned then in thy face! Thou didſt dream of nothing but innocence and tenderneſs. And in whatever light thou beholdeſt the

the world, by deeming it better or worſe, it is equally innocent; and all the fantaſtical pictures thy enthuſiaſm draws, can never mend it. Take it for what it really is, and uſe thyſelf to conſider it with the indulgent eye of a chriſtian, and it will preſent thee with the beauties of a paradiſe.— This will prove more beneficial to thy ſoul than all the philoſophy of men. Philoſophy may inſpire patience; but it is chriſtian wiſdom only which inſures real content and laſting happineſs. Doſt thou ſuppoſe the divine Being would ſuffer one inſtant the exiſtence of this world, if he did not find it to be a real beauty; or was not convinced of a preponderating goodneſs? Doſt thou

thou think his Son deſcended in vain, to form a ſociety of inviſible ſaints — that he ſhould have ſacrificed his life, if not that the demands of earth might meet the ſame favor of heaven as its primitive demands? Be aſhamed of thy inconſiderate zeal. Thinking to blame mankind only, thou certainly cenſureſt Divinity.

And how canſt thou reconcile thy ſcorn againſt men, with the kindneſs thou wiſheſt them to be poſſeſſed of, and which thou ſhouldſt endeavour to practiſe thyſelf. Thou dwellſt among them, yet loadeſt them with thy outrages. Are they not poſſeſſed of ſome good qualities, which efface the bad ones? The ſpring

of

of all moral evils originates leſs in real malice than in ſimple faults. According to the fury thou ſheweſt, and the judgment of thy own heart, thou art the moſt unjuſt of creatures, deſerving all the piercing darts thou throweſt againſt mankind in general. Permit me for one inſtant to be thy monitor within, and to remind thee of thy own ſelf. Enter into thy paſt life, and tell me whether thou canſt deny belonging to mankind? How many follies, perhaps vices, muſt not ſuch a contemplation diſcover in thy own heart! After having fully conſidered, that if every man in his ſituation had the ſame opportunities—was poſſeſſed of the ſame powers to reform himſelf as

thou

thou art, and after all, ſhould be found burdened with as many faults, then only mayſt thou have reaſon to diſdain the human race.

This reflection does afflict thee: I will not humble thee any more; but I hope thou wilt in the future remember the divine Prophet of Chriſtians: He was acquainted with the nature of men! What a beautiful leſſon did he give in recommending humility to his diſciples! Humility, or the knowledge of ourſelves, is the ſureſt antidote to oppoſe the acceſs of ſuch miſanthropy as thine. It inflames a zeal for a general welfare. Diſdaining mankind is a falſe pride, nay,

nay, a dangerous paſſion, which even under the conceit of probity, is a ſhame for a wiſe man, and a kind of rebellion againſt Providence.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

IT was midnight! My ſoul abſorbed in ſilent ſhades, wandering in darkneſs; and from the inmoſt delicate organ, whence liſtening to the ſweet hymns of nature, or the yet more tender voice, which by each of our thoughts and actions, cenſures or applauds, ſhe heard a diſpute ariſen between two Genii, moving around the ſlumbering Eucharis. One was eaſily known to be a propitious, or benevolent Genius; but the other, although favoured by the veils of night, was diſcovered

diſcovered by a ſulphureous gloom, ſtriving in obſcurity, to corrupt the pure and innocent heart. O dear Eucharis! each ſoul is accompanied by two Genii: One conſtantly occupied to guide her, proves to be her protector, friend, and faithful guardian. He extricates and ſaves her from all the labyrinths of earthly life; and by a ſecret impulſe is operative in all the parties of the ſoul. He fortifies reaſon, and always enters into a heart ready to receive him. The melting voice of a tender ſhepherdeſs, confeſſing, or exclaiming, the firſt time, "I "love thee!" is leſs flattering for her ſwain; and the liſping of a ſmiling infant on the maternal boſom, is leſs pleaſing to its parents

rents, than when his ærial voice, ſoftens the heart in the compenſation of a good action, through inward applauſes, and celebrates in harmonic tunes, the within her ſelf-retired ſoul, a pſalm of triumph. Reſting under his wings, in the tranquil conſciouſneſs of our ſouls, is far more raviſhing than to ſoar in currents of the immoderate joys of our ſenſes. Thence proceeds the ſecret ſentiment, enabling thee, to guard thy ſoul againſt all the ideas that might affect the felicity ſhe enjoys. Thence derive thy ſelf-reproaches, when in ſolitude, or on the nightly couch, thy conſcience corrodes for having ſacrificed a day to vanity; or perhaps, when againſt thy own inclination,

inclination, too much indulgence for others might have induced thee to frivolous occupations.—Happy if thou always preſerveſt ſuch an attentive monitor, and not expoſeſt thy ſuſceptible heart to the manœuvres of the malevolent genius, who, with the cunning of the perverſe dæmon, endeavours to ſpy the fatal inſtant of thy ruin; and eagerly watches the opportunity to diſcover the feeble and undefended ſide of thy ſoul. Alas! if thou art not on thy guard, his ſucceſs will be too eaſily ſure. He is poſſeſſed of the dangerous art, to appear in all manner of forms—mixes in all the juvenile plays, called innocent. Were we expect to pluck an odoriferous flower, we often

meet

meet our very ruin in the mortal ſcratch of a ſcorpion. Diſtruſt his inſinuating tongue, and flattering ſpeeches; for ſuch is the art, one of his companions practiſed, in the ever bewailed ſeduction of the firſt and moſt innocent of women. Inconſiderate vows—— irregular deſires——impatience, pride, and the vain ambition to obtain preference, would ſoon corrupt thy tender heart, which only appears agreeable in the eyes of its Maker, when unconſcious of vices. Dread the applauſes thy enemies might beſtow on the charms of thy mind. Conſider their hearts penetrated by the luſtre of thy eyes---their admiration excited by the diſplay of thy charming figure; only believing thee

thee to be virtuous from a ſuppoſition, that pure innocence muſt needs dwell in an alabaſter boſom. Thy innocence vegetates in a different ſoil; it is the never-fading fruit of virtue.—Thou canſt unboſom thy heart which has no other deſire than to imitate the moſt ſublime patterns of virtue. Thou perceiveſt a Byron or a Clementina, in a perſpective! They are an honor to humanity——their virtue ranks them among angels. Thy tenderneſs is equal to theirs; but endeavour to become as great as they are: the one is a gift of nature; but the other, a perfection, that muſt be thy own toil. Tenderneſs, unſuſtained by the force of virtue, is like a roſe tree,

agitated

agitated by the ſmalleſt breeze: but a ſoul, uſed to a firm and ſublime manner of thinking, reſiſts the moſt alluring voice of voluptuous pleaſures, and remains unſhaken in the tempeſt — like a braving cedar, the roots of which are loſt in the boſom of the earth.

What ſoul would not become philanthropic, by properly reflecting on the nobility and purity of her eſſence—on comparing this globe with the heavenly univerſe; and its ſhadow-like vaniſhing days with eternity!

What can bloated vanity and pampered wealth offer in compenſation? Is there a proportion between

between an atom and heaven? Reaſoning thus, fair Eucharis, the faithful performance of our moſt trivial duties, affords a real pleaſure; a pleaſure more laſting, more delicious than all the roving ſouls, in the career of their follies and bewilderings, are able to enjoy. The envious dæmon is not likely to triumph, nor to entice thy noble heart in his deceitful ſnares. Thou followeſt, without interruption, the ſoftening voice of prudence, and proceedeſt always with aſſured ſteps in the ever open road of virtue. Eaſe and contentment will grow in thy traces, and a thouſand fluttering ſeraphs will encircle thy ſoul, to preſerve her from all dangers.

CHAP. V.

IN what fields art thou wandering at preſent, ſurrounded by Aurora, fair Cyane? What branches, formed by the hand of nature, conceal thy homages from the world? What flower attracts thy always ſerene eyes on its ſimple and modeſt beauty—ſeemingly languiſhing for the happineſs of being plucked, to finiſh bloſſoming on thy pathetic boſom? Or rather; does not the palpitating voice of the lark, uttering her ſentiments of joy, rouſe thy attention by the hymns of

of gratitude to her Maker, for creating her ſenſible of the returning beams of day? What eaſineſs ſhines in thy contemplative face! It wears the amiable injunction of thy ingenuous ſoul! How all nature embelliſhes herſelf around thee, when thy ſoul is ſenſible of the preſence of the Almighty, the inviſible Genius of the Univerſe, whoſe breath puts all the organs of nature in motion, and pours a thouſand enchanting beau ies over all that is viſible! With what chearfulneſs doſt thou walk in theſe ſolitary woods! Thy ſenſations anſwer the voices of nature, like the ſongs of the nymph, re-echo among the rocks, which, in the ſoftneſs of thy phyſiognomy, expreſſes the

noble ſentiments of thy exiſtence! No ſorrows, no immodeſt deſires, darken the bright heaven of thy ſoul! Never prophaned by the morals of a corrupted world, thou art unacquainted with the very name of diſſimulation! Thou art ignorant of thoſe affectations — of thoſe obtruſive virtues and ſeducible arts of certain women of faſhion who are often, only coquets for fame and ſenſuality. Embelliſhed with thy natural attracting charms, their ſtudied and ridiculous decorations are beneath thy attention. Thou art blooming without being noticed! nay, even without a deſire of glory; alike a balſamic roſe, flouriſhes in a diſtant field, in the midſt of thorns, without being admired.

But

But thou art not aware of the witneſſes ſurrounding thee! I ſee them yield their gold curled heads from the purple ſky; or ſimilar the animating zephirs of ſpring, they flutter around thy veſt—they encircle thee with angelic ſmiles! Innocence is always ſurrounded by angels. Angels are the conſtant guardians of thoſe ſouls, whoſe names glitter in the records of heaven. How often do their delicate whiſpers make thee ſenſible of their inſpiration! Amuſe, lovely Cyane; amuſe always their eyes. Let them continually be occupied with the ſight of virtuous actions. It is their buſineſs to note them all; and the leaſt of them, deriving its ſpring from a pure con-

ſcious heart, is an important one in the eyes of the ſupreme Being, the Judge of heaven and earth.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

WHY art thou weeping, fair Glicere? Why is thy uſual ſerenity only to-day breaking through humid clouds, like ſun beams intercepted from our view by the vapours of a cloudy morn? Why doſt thou withdraw from all ſociable pleaſures to trace this melancholy wood, where nobody may interrupt thy doleful griefs? Ah! theſe ſhowering tears are ſacrificed to the laſting memory of a loſt friend. Only a few hours ſince, ſhe did bloom as the aromatic flowers

bedewed with the tears of Aurora. In one inſtant, death, the mercileſs deſtroyer of life, tore her from thy arms—her ſprightly head drooped like the roſe at noon-day.

Neither a health that ſeemed to inſure longevity, nor the livelieſt chearfulneſs, the moſt flouriſhing eclat of beauty, could ſave her from the tomb. Alas! ſhe, who a few minutes paſt was our greateſt delight—who inflamed all hearts with a deſire of love—whowas the darling of fond parents—the hope of her friends, and the admiration of beholders —ſhe, alas! is no more.

The

The brilliant fire of her love-ſparkling eyes is extinguiſhed; — the colours of her cheeks, like the faded lilies—all theſe ſmiling graces are diſperſed! Yes, weep, dear Glicere, weep! this angelic frame, in which nature ſeemed to have expreſſed her happieſt, her moſt ſublime ideas, is now a frightful corpſe—a food to maw-worms. And what is become of that beauty which excited the envy and admiration of all her companions, who deified it by their flatteries — by attributing to her the name of Leda and Venus. Thou ſhuddereſt! an aweful foreboding tremor ſhakes thy delicate limbs.—The ſhadows ſurrounding thee, repreſent nothing but frightful images

of death: Thou imagineſt thy friend riſing, half-clouded, from the bottom of the grave; and the murmuring of leaves makes thee hear her voice become intelligible—ſhe calling, "Follow "me."

Ah, Glicere! turn thy glances from theſe vain illuſions. What do they avail thee! What price doſt thou fix on theſe ſeducing colours—on this enchanting phiſiognomy? Alas! it is only a periſhing idol, drawn from a darling imagination—a phantom of the attracting glances—a brilliant ſmoke—a ſoap bladder, exhaling the colours of a priſm—a viſionary ſplendid nothing—vapors without conſiſtence.

Awake,

Awake, immortal ſoul, awake! Heireſs of eternity, raiſe thyſelf above this flouriſhing duſt!—Remember thy nobility! VIRTUE IS THE BEAUTY OF MAN. It renders him a ſuperior being—it aſſociates him with the ethereal ſpirits.

Diſdain, Oh Glicere! thoſe vulgar ſouls of worms, who affected by low deſires, crawl on thy cheeks—they are ſtrangers to thee, and to themſelves.

This WORLD is not what the dreams of voluptuous youth imagine it to be. It is as *vain as its pleaſures*. This flatterer promiſes thee laſting ones. Repentance—perhaps remorſe would re-

ward thy expectation. Let the gloomy tomb of thy friend give thee a leſſon of wiſdom. Let it be the conſtant monitor in all thy future actions. Do not ſuppreſs its ſalutary impulſions, when in the midſt of ſublunary enjoyments, it whiſpers that thy pompous exiſtence is but momentary —that conquering monarchs, to whom the world ſeems too narrow to-day, muſt moulder in a gloomy circumference to-morrow—that powerful tyrants to whom, ſurrounding ſlaves dare only approach kneeling in this hour, muſt yield to the deſpotiſm of worms in the next. Ah! do not wait until experience makes thee wiſer, when perhaps too late:

we ought to begin in the bloſſom of life.

To reſtrain our paſſions, when every pulſe beats to pleaſure—when thouſand alluring ſyrens invite to the brink of death—then to conquer ourſelves, Oh! that is a triumph of thoſe ſeraphs, who are always among us—who often in nightly hours, enveloped in mournful ſkies, deplore the fall of innocence—and bemoan the dazzling of thoſe immortal ſouls, whoſe guardians they are, on weeping lutes.

Come, let us viſit this awful ſepulchre! Riſe thou ſilent but majeſtic moon—riſe above the gloomy clouds that deprive us of

of thy tacit beams and ſhow us the road. Lead us to yonder ſolitary aſylum, where night and death are craving—in the midſt of diſperſed bones—among the tombs of chriſtians, who are to riſe again on the laſt and moſt ſolemn day of judgment. There let us conclude an eternizing alliance with our ſouls. Crouds of ſoaring cherubs and half-viſible ſeraphs will be witneſſes—and the Eternal—liſtening.

Let ſolemn vows engage us to live for eternity only. With a noble diſdain, let us trample on the earthly diſſipations and pampered vanities; in the enjoyment whereof the corrupted ſouls of men ſeek a felicity, not to be found there.

They may treat us in their deluſion as fools and lunaticks—What does it ſignify? It is enough for us to earn the applauſes of heaven and to be, what they never will be——happy!

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

WHAT lively ſmiles flush in thy face, dear Almedon? How, the moſt elevated ſtars are lowering towards the banks of the horizon, and no ſleep has overpowered thy eyes yet! Ah! I ſee the reaſon why. Thou art reading the Odes of Anacreon. This favorite of nature, whoſe ſongs breathe nothing but a delicate voluptuouſneſs, and raiſe genuine graces, pleaſes, nay, enchants thee. What charming ſociety haſt thou choſen? What

What, Gay, Prior, Chaulieu,* Chapelle,* Hagedorn,§ &c. They were in the world juſt as I ſee them ranged on the table; they lived in amiable diſorder, and joy was their muſe. Thou ſmileſt, and I penetrate the thoughts of thy ſoul. They beheld the world from its enchanting ſide, and thou doſt the ſame; for thou ſeeſt nothing but rural grots of myrtle—aromatic beds of roſes and lilies—an everlaſting ſpring, lovely and engaging nymphs—dancing fawns and maenades, and philomels, whoſe melting tunes inſpire the wiſhes of love.

Young enthuſiaſt! what are thy illuſions? Doſt thou not

* French Poets. § German Poet.

know, that the tyrant of virtue did once, open this bewitching proſpect to the eyes of a Hercules, when he ſat penſive near the centre of a dividing road, meditating which to follow: Ingenious emblem, reminding us of the reflections he made on the manner of governing himſelf, and which thou haſt never thought on. Hearken to me! At leaſt, if thy breaſt, inflamed with poetic fire, has not yet deprived thee of thy reaſon ſo far as to conſider Anacreon as a ſage; hearken to the voice of a friend, who eſcaped in due time all the alluring dangers ſurrounding thee. A young man, whom nature endowed with the finer impreſſion for its beauties, and with an imagination more fertile,

and

and more lively, than it beſtows on the vulgar, ſtands the more in need to be the diſciple of real philoſophers. In proportion as the bounds of lively underſtandings expand, thoſe of reaſon are often contracted; but reaſon ought always to preſide in a being raiſed by nature above the reſt of beings. The advice I entreat thee to follow, is not in the leaſt diſagreeable or unpleaſing.—— Aſcend with me to the upper regions, where real beauties predominate. It is there, in ſurveying the empire and contemplating the beauties of nature, where, forgetful of theſe, roſy cheeks and alabaſter boſoms — unſullied by theſe lively and enchanting verſes, thou wilt taſte the pureſt felicity becoming a ſoul.

Wiſdom, innocence, and virtue, only deſerve our admiration:— But what do I ſay? What do theſe names ſignify? What is it in the preſent time we call innocence and virtue? Our century has changed its languages. Anacreon is a ſage. Pyrene is innocent. In the times when Xenophon and Plutarch had their diſciples, ſuch giddy thoughts did not prevail and the morals of men were not thus far perverted. From theſe—from a Plato, and a Shafteſbury, learn what nature and virtue is. Endeavour to become happy: I beſeech thee, by the love of pleaſure inflaming thy boſom—by the immortal deſires of thy ſoul, learn to think well; for thou needſt not be at

half

half the trouble which one of thy innocent nymphs beſtows to exalt her mercenary beauty; or which ſome of thy favourite poets, ſeem to have taken by endeavouring to jingle their cold rhimes. Reſiſt the charms of ſenſual beauty— for ſuch are the means to diſtinguiſh, between the regard due to a Lavinia and a Circe. Wit, beauty and graces, do they deſerve our attention, without knowing if theſe gifts of nature have been well diſpoſed of; Will Ovid ever be leſs abominable, becauſe he is entertaining? What a confuſion of ideas! What an overthrow in nature and in the order of things! May purer beams of light diſpel thy dazzling. Wit, unreſtrained by reaſon

reaſon and decency, prophanes the chaſte beauties of nature, to decorate frivolity. If thou art ſenſible of the pleaſures of imagination, are innocence, probity, and religion—are they void of charms to affect thee? Does nobody exiſt who could offer them with all their advantages?—paint them with agreeable and brilliant colours? But theſe choriſters of frivolous diſſipations, ſeem to have inſpired thee with a tendency to voluptuouſneſs, which makes the muſes appear ſerious and inſipid. Bluſh, for ſhame! Such a taſte is as depraved as it is unworthy of a man of reaſon. Extend the ſphere of thy ſoul, and render it ſerious, if thou wiſheſt to behold this world, and every object, in its

its real beauty.—in its veritable equilibrium. Poetry abuſed, or made ill uſe of, is the nectar of Hell: It intoxicates unwary ſouls, and puts them on a level with brutes; but wit and eloquence, influenced by wiſdom, and guided by virtue to reclaim immortal truth, are ambroſial fruit—a delicious and ſalutary nouriſhment for noble ſouls.—What praiſe does an author deſerve, when he diſcovers new charms in virtue; when he perſuades us to love and perform even our ſevereſt duties—embelliſhes our minds with uſeful and ſublime images—and brings us back to virtue, through the very inclination we entertain for thoſe pleaſures, which made us deviate

ate from it. Let ſuch be the ſparks of the poetic fire, that animates thy boſom. Gain ſimilar laurels, or be ſilent! Who knows if thoſe voluptuous ſages, do not at preſent bewail their once admired talents---do not deteſt theſe odes, where, in lyric tunes they invited to effeminacy and to fall aſleep on the boſom of Venus! "The muſes are never amiable without being the organs of virtue," ſaid an ancient philoſopher." Let this maxim guide thy inſpiring muſe! But if this ſhould not affect thee, may thy cold and ſhrewd genius produce nothing but what is languiſhing and inſipid.—— May thy readers yawn at thy jokes, and fall aſleep at thy witticiſms;

ticiſms; and may in ſhort, thy production be rewarded by the juſt contempt of the wiſe; and excite hyperbolical ſarcaſms of all the Reviewers of thy time.

CHAP. VIII.

WHAT mixture of tender and animated ſentiments are engraved in thy face, fair Olinda! Thou haſt been reading, in the calm of night, the affecting hiſtory of Clementina. Sympathetic tears trickle from thy languiſhing eyes, on the heavy ſighing boſom, where pants the moſt tender——the moſt humane of hearts. I ſee thee, although I am inviſible to thee, and I admire thy compaſſionate and virtuous tenderneſs. But permit a friend

a friend of thy ſoul, whom thou wilt know in another world, to entertain thee with the inner ſentiments of his heart, and to raiſe ſome ideas within thee, thou art, perhaps, not ignorant of, and which alone can eſtabliſh a laſting virtue in thy own. Let thy ſorrow-burning cheeks, dry the ſilent dropping tears, and do not overwhelm thy pathetic and too ſuſceptible heart any longer, with the doleful remembrance of the unfortunate love of thy Clementina. But do not ſuppoſe her to be unfortunate——I know no terms which can expreſs her worth. What a ſoft voice imparts her conſcience! A voice of a ſeraph, that might ſooth, even the anguiſh of death

into calmneſs! Hear it, and let ſuch an applauſe penetrate thy veins—"Thou didſt preſerve the "purity of thy ſoul—Thou didſt "love the Divine above all, be- "cauſe thou didſt prefer him to "a lover and a friend, whoſe "worth could not have been "increaſed, by an earthly dia- "dem."

Here let thy heart become entirely ſentiment! Let the tears of delight, over the greatneſs of a human ſoul, penetrate thy languid eye! What an example! more ſtriking, more heroic, and at the ſame time, more tender and more ſenſible can love and friendſhip offer? The fervency of the former was, perhaps, unequalled

equalled in men; but like a victorious angel, ſhe riſes above this earthly ſentiment, and daſhes beneath her ſelf-intereſted paſſions. What conſolation muſt not ſuch a victory, as the conſciouſneſs of a ſimilar action, afford, in the laſt and moſt awful moments of life? Mortal event! where all human things loſe the darling luſtre and alluring power, which our paſſions themſelves lend them—where we are diſguſted, even with innocent pleaſures—whence painful glances, and corroding reflections are caſt back over thouſand empty hours, loſt in frivolous idleneſs, and, perhaps, unnoted by a worthy action. Ah! fair Olinda, how pleaſing muſt be our ſenſation,

on the moment of ſolemn appearance before the ſublime and univerſal tribunal of the divine and eternal Judge!—how pleaſing to recollect, that our love and actions have been as pure as thoſe of Clementina!—that by diſintereſted efforts we have endeavoured to perform our duties, and to follow his commandments, in making our wiſhes ſubſervient to his eternal decrees. A heart like thine owes an example to the world. Let thy tenderneſs be conſecrated to ſublime virtue only! Let this noble thought, *I am born for eternity*, for ever defend thy tender boſom, as if it were adorned with an armour of precious ſtones! Let thy moſt animated ſenti-

ſentiments raiſe their purple flame to heaven! Let thy eager glances be caſt continually on theſe globes, the ſtrayed beams of which, raviſh thy gazing eyes, from the immenſity of this nocturnal heaven! The adherence to this world, would only deceive the ſincerity of thy heart, for it poſſeſſes nothing to inſure real felicity. Diſdain its glaring attractions—its alluring promiſes—its bluſtering diverſions: Do not dream of an imaginary happineſs, which might perhaps, be transferred into troubles and vexations, if thou didſt obtain it. Without fear or delay, throw thyſelf into the ever open arms of Providence, where depreſſed innocence, and injured virtue are re-

ceived to evidence on the day of univerſal wrath. Be contented with the fate, heaven has allotted thee; and know, that virtue is nothing but a magnanimous, valiant and continual conteſt, againſt the ignoble—the mortal part of ourſelves. Only he, who perſeveres until the end—only he, who conquers, ſhall obtain the crown.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

WHO is that ſerious and majeſtic figure, ſurrounded by ſilent glittering moon-beams, ſliding in yonder groves? Is it a ſoul, veſted in an aerial corpſe, wandering in the ſhade, to infuſe, by a ſacred dream, in the ſlumbering ſoul of a beloved Chriſtian, that the all-deſtroying glave of death is ſuſpended over her head? A ſecret charm emboldens, nay, compels me to approach thee, O cherubic figure! what do I ſee? —my heart trem-

bles - - - It recollects and palpitates towards thee in timid raviſhment.

But ſhe retires under the vernal ſprouts of the emblematical cypreſs. She thinks herſelf alone. Her alabaſter arm ſuſtains her penſive head, and pathetic ſighs heave the gauze that covers the tendereſt of hearts. Be ſilent, ye nocturnal winds.—Silence, O philomel! delay thy harmonic lamentations. Let even the breezy leaves not interrupt the ſentiments of her ſoul. Behold her, ye winged inhabitants of Olympus! See the dignity of a human ſoul! Behold verity and goodneſs—View the unconquerable

able patience and the calm reflection of innocence!

This figure is expreſſive of all its virtues, without a ſhadow of arrogance. But ye know her already—ye know her by her actions: She performed none but thoſe glittering in the records of heaven.

She reſpires ſwifter. — Her hand conceals one half of her face, and pathetic pearls glide ſlowly between her fingers.— Ah! this heroical ſoul was created ſenſible. She is affected with tender and delicate ſentiments. But without them, what would be her dignity? Her eyes full of ſoul are caſt towards heaven!

She prays! - - - O voice! more ſoft and more melodious than all hymns of nature. She prays for Ariſtes, who innocently loved her in this corrupted world.— She ſupplicates, that he may be wiſe and ſincere, to venerate the Father of deſtinies—that he may unobſerved purſue his ſolitary road among men, and aſſemble a croud of ſacred angels, to conduct them to the ſublime Object of their love, and their happy deſtination. Such is the ſubject of thy prayer, heavenly Semira, and winged ſeraphs carry thy wiſhes, to the throne of the Eternal.

But what objects attract her wandering eyes? They ſeem to caſt

caſt timorous glances over thoſe immenſe fields of worldly glory, hopes and vanities, from whence, with an heroic calmneſs, ſhe once beheld the viſionary happineſs of the great, and the vaniſhing honors of this world: But her eyes avert from this vain and gloomy ſpectacle, and fix on heaven again.—Her ſoul exalts in a majeſtic contemplation.—— "O divine and precious eter- "nity!" whiſpers ſhe; "ſublime "idea! which, like a tutelar an- "gel elevated my ſoul when "abated by her pains, and near "precipitating herſelf in gloomy "depths. O thou, my only "hope! by thee only, am I ſuſ- "tained. Thou reſtoreſt me "all; and thou wilt reſtore me "thoſe

" thoſe too, who intoxicated
" with their paſſions, did miſtake
" and diſdain me. Innocent
" hearts, which ſuffer patiently
" and are ſilent, whilſt conſcious
" of an awful, but ſolemn day
" to come, when you ſhall ob-
" tain a verdict, and triumph in
" the ſight of thouſands of ſpi-
" rits. Heavenly regions—calm
" habitations of peace! - - - -
" Heaven opens - - - - I per-
" ceive the bliſsful realms of
" light! An angelic harmony be-
" comes intelligible.—It is there,
" where we ſhall meet again—
" O thou, my Ariſtes, whom
" my ſoul cheriſhes! It is there,
" where every day of ſeparation,
" will be rewarded with an eter-
" nity. Couldſt thou but feel

" my

" my preſent impulſe! How eaſy
" are all the troubles of life in
" my view! Avaunt thou me-
" lancholy gloom—vaniſh with
" thy lamentations! Do not
" deprive me of one inſtant, in
" which I may, with a joyful
" care, perform the ſacred duties,
" Providence has yet enjoined
" me. Eternal love, beware and
" guide my ſoul: Conduct her
" acroſs theſe thorny paths, and
" gloomy deſerts, to the conſo-
" latory, happy, wiſhed-for hour,
" in which commences her bliſſ-
" ful enjoyment, of real—ever-
" laſting felicity.

It is thus, this noble ſoul riſes. Fatigued through ſublime thoughts, ſhe ſinks on a flowery bank.

bank. Troops of ſeraphims preſs around, to cover her with their wings. She ſlumbers—but her florid ſmiling lips, expreſs the ſoft impreſſions of a ſacred dream, like a dying chriſtian, whoſe ſoul wings up, and flutters already before the entrance of heaven.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

WITH what a ſmile of ſatisfaction does that mother behold her tender ſon, playing on the lilies of her chaſte boſom! Whilſt her ſecret prayers aſcend to the eternal throne, her enraptured eyes riſe towards heaven, and then turn again on her dear offspring, to obſerve the firſt dawn of a virtuous ſoul, in his countenance. In like manner a tutelar angel, enveloped in azure ſkies, although inviſible, beholds with an ærial luſtre, the lovely

Themira

Themira, ſlumbering on the bank of a ſolitary fountain, and diligently contemplates the ſoft majeſty of her innocent ſoul, that penetrates her florid cheeks as through a pure chryſtal; and thus this tender and virtuous mother ſmiles on the infant of her heart, and rejoices at the thought of its encreaſing the number of chriſtians—the future angels and adorers of the ſupreme King and Judge.

What an amiable ſolicitude agitates her boſom! She meditates how, when his tender body will have more conſiſtence, and his infant ſoul be recovered from her ſenſeleſs maze—how to form and unfold the inſtincts implanted by

by his Creator. She conſiders in what manner to animate his tenderneſs for mankind — How to make him conſcious of his own greatneſs, and to excite his curioſity for the love of truth.

She invents already ſome agreeable fables and pleaſing ſtories, under the emblems of which, ſhe intends to inculcate ſacred verities, the tranſpiring luſtre whereof might dazzle his tender inexperienced ſoul. She firmly reſolves carefully to obſerve herſelf; for ſhe wiſhes to avoid the leaſt words, the leaſt geſtures or actions that might tend to make a pernicious impreſſion in his young heart. By her own conduct, ſhe intends to

familiarize

familiarize him with virtue, and to make him ſenſible of all its amiableneſs. "With what a "delightful ſurprize," ſays ſhe to herſelf, "will he liſten to "me, when I explain to him the "deſtination of men—what a "world he inhabits—and that a "ſupreme, benevolent Being has "fixed him there.——In bloom-"ing vales I will guide his ſteps. "There, when in a joyful rap-"ture, he leaps from one flower "to another—when, in a ſpeech-"leſs amazement, he compares "their various colours—when he "ſmells by turns, the delicious "exhalations of the diſcloſing "roſe, and the aromatic ſuavity "of the ſprouting violet—— "then, I will ſit down upon the

eminence

" eminence of the plain—claſp
" the dear child in my arms, and
" preſs him to my heart. Then
" I will tell him; look here, my
" child, look—a few weeks ſince
" theſe beautiful meadows were
" covered with ſnow; yonder
" green and blooming trees were
" naked, and ſeemed to be dead:
" all theſe fields ſurrounding
" thee, appeared to be deſtroyed
" by a hoary and rigid cold: Our-
" ſelves, alas! muſt have at laſt,
" periſhed with them, but a be-
" nevolent loving Spirit; a King,
" whoſe throne is fixed above
" the heavens, and whoſe delight
" it is to inſpire all living beings
" with contentment and joy, has
" pitied and ſaved us. It was
" He, who cauſed the return of
yonder

" yonder luminous globe, called
" the ſun, which refreſhes all.
" Scarce appear his ſmiling, his
" animating rays, but all the trees
" are dreſſed in green---the vales
" are puſhing their enamelled
" coverture. —— Thouſands of
" flowers have diſcloſed their
" fragrant buds, to refreſh our
" reſpiration, and to delight our
" eyes. The earth abounds with
" riches, and with a multitude
" of animals to nouriſh us. But
" why are we thus beloved by
" that great and heavenly Maſter?
" Liſten, dear child, and com-
" prehend the whole extenſion
" of our happineſs.——All thou
" perceiveſt around thee, heaven
" and earth, appertain to, and
" depend on God; for ſuch is the
" ſacred

" ſacred name we give the in-
" viſible Benefactor, dwelling
" above us. All theſe charming
" things, as flouriſhing meadows,
" ſhady woods, ſweet ſinging
" birds, theſe animals, and our-
" ſelves, all thou ſeeſt, and all
" that is exiſting and reſpiring,
" did not exiſt at all times. We
" ſhould not have exiſted our-
" ſelves, the ſame as thou wer't
" not in being a few years ſince,
" if the heavenly Father had not
" made us and all that ſurrounds
" us. He loves us becauſe he
" is our Father, and has pro-
" miſed continually to aſſiſt us
" with his beneficence. We will
" return our love, and endeavour
" to be good and virtuous. He
" has placed us only for a little

" while

" while in theſe pleaſant habi-
" tations, and he gives us con-
" tinually new proofs of his
" kindneſs, that we may love
" him more and more, and en-
" deavour to grow better and wi-
" ſer from day to day—that he
" may always aſſiſt and confer
" more favours on us, his chil-
" dren,. He is nothing but
" goodneſs himſelf, therefore he
" cannot ſuffer wickedneſs."

" In a ſimilar manner," adds ſhe, " I will nurſe this young " attentive ſoul full of curioſity. " I will feed him only with the " milk of truth. I will ac- " cuſtom his heart to nothing " but virtue. Could I better " prepare him for the acquaint-

" ance

" ance of religion, the greateſt
" perfection and dignity of a
" human ſoul, and ſpring of
" all felicity? Whoever loves
" virtue loves God; and can we
" love the ſupreme Being with-
" out advancing towards perfec-
" tion——without diſdaining all
" that may tend to the con-
" trary? Yes, it is thus, O
" dear favorite of my heart, I
" will bend thy inclination, in
" its firſt bloſſom, to every vir-
" tue, and form it to faith, order,
" and goodneſs.

" My motherly love ſhall have
" no limits; but I will not imi-
" tate thoſe women who are
" yet children themſelves and
" become mothers too ſoon. — I

 " will

" will not paſs by a ſingle fault in
" thee. Even when at a diſtance
" only, thy inclinations diſ-
" cover a tendency to wickedneſs,
" I will be ſevere in checking
" and reforming them. Not-
" withſtanding I am thy mother,
" I ſhall never forget that thou
" art not my creature. Thou
" appertaineſt to the heaven-
" ly Father, who only has
" entruſted thee to my care—
" that I may lead thee back to
" him.

Tender ſentiments of a real motherly heart! it is thus you expand in pious reflections! Such a mother enjoys the higheſt degree of woman's glory!

O ye

O ye Britiſh Fair, may ye only love ſuch vanity! May ye renounce diſſipation; and a ſimilar toil to acquire fame, be your firſt ambition. Cultivate your minds, and extend your hearts, that the divine motive, "To become uſeful to ſociety," may be fulfilled. The noble example of imitation for your ſex, glitters in your own hemiſphere; the only ſpot in the world, where female liberty ſways her golden ſcepter, as unreſtrained as it did once in the garden of Eden. Behold the brighteſt emblem of virtue, in the ſublime diademed conjunction of real Illuſtrious nobility, and ſympathetic philanthropy, glittering on the ſummit of perfection—on the ſide of a Royal, and yet more than Royal, a virtuous

Conſort—*ſurrounded by heavenly bleſſings, in the blooming Progeny, the noble Offſprings of hymeneal felicity, like the luminous ſtar ſhines, above all its companions! Endeavour to reſemble, as much as poſſible, the glorious* CHARLOTTE—*the incomparable Jewel of Her ſex—the honour of mankind—and the admiration of the univerſe. Then, then you will glory in, and dignify the ſacred ties of hymen, decreed by Immortality for the happineſs of mortals, and wherein I wiſh you all happily to be engaged.*

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

COME, my ſoul, and replace, what deſtiny now ceaſes to allow me. She is no more the lovely Iſmena; and her weeping friend did not ſeize the laſt of her ſighs. But there is no diſtance which can prevent the mind, unreſtrained by limits, to enter the midſt of night, viſiting the fields of death, covered with hoary bones, where her endeared remains reſt enſhrined, and perhaps produce, on the return of ſpring, fragrantly

enamelled flowers. It is there, in that profound and awful tranquillity, where I will ſojourn. There I will indulge myſelf in ſerious dreams, which will ariſe in my ſoul as if derived from the tomb. O thrice happy ſhadow! Is it thee, moving about the corruptible ſpoils of thy peaceful cottage? Or art thou attracted by ſympathy and eternal love? Art thou the Genius of thy Lindor; the beſt and nobleſt of ſouls that animates, as yet, an earthly corpſe? It ſpeaks! - - - hark! - - - "I was what thou art; "and am what thou wilt be.— "Hail thee, if thou becomeſt "entirely ſo!"—Thanks, ſacred voice, that penetrates my veins with an awful ſolemnity; and my

my ſoul with a fore-taſte of heaven. Pardon theſe trickling tears—they are not the effects of pain; but tenderneſs makes them flow. How dear is thy remembrance to me! What a pure ſatisfaction do I enjoy, in recalling our former friendſhip to my memory! Sympathy was its tie, and virtue its compaſs—faithful guides, and amiable companions. Thoſe brilliant attractions of youth—that charming ſoftneſs, of which no traces remain under this hillock of death, did never dazzle my eyes, wherefore my ſoul applauds herſelf. I only behold thee as an amiable, immortal friend, whom I was to meet ſome day, to offer her a brotherly hand—to confirm her in

virtue, and to conduct her to that felicity, the ambroſial delicioufneſs whereof, ſhe now enjoys among the accompliſhed ſaints. How fortunate for thy friend to have reaſoned then, as he now meditates over thy tomb! O ye ſolemn, ſublime and ſacred ideas! ſentiments which my heart cheriſhes, and at this inſtant elevate my ſoul; may ye never vaniſh! and ye, O pious thoughts of inevitable death! may ye ever remain the faithful confidants of mine!— How I love to entertain myſelf with you! What a benevolent and balſamic virtue, do you diffuminate over our ſouls! How worthy is the ſerious and ſpiritual joy you inſpire our hearts with—

how

how worthy is it our deſtination! What a heavenly ſoftneſs does it infuſe in our minds, in the midſt of the wild pleaſures of folly! Our ſouls in this world are only as in a deſerted wilderneſs, to ſtand the trial of their conſtancy and virtue; their ſufferings in it are greater than their actions; and their earthly happineſs conſiſts in the very hopes of a future celeſtial felicity. O how endeared wilt thou be, on opening to them a proſpect of a life to come! a life, where purified from all ſublunary matter—forgetful of all terreſtial ſorrows—re-eſtabliſhed in our primitive happineſs—we ſhall, purſuant to man's happy deſtination, partake of the ſame bliſs, that ever *was*,

is, and ever *will* be enjoyed by the bleſſed ſpirits ſurrounding the celeſtial throne.

The elating pleaſures are for the inſenſate, whoſe wiſhes are confined to the animal life, and who only leave the arms of voluptuouſneſs, to be plunged again into their primitive non-entity.

A Chriſtian! (O what dignity this title expreſſes!) finds nothing in this country of animals, which can pleaſe him, or fix his inclinations. He loves nothing but virtue, innocence, wiſdom, immortal beauties; but which like foreign herbs in the ſoil of earth, are often too ſoon tranſ-

tranſplanted to the celeſtial regions, where they flouriſh even to the attainment of angelic beauty. There is nothing beyond virtue that could appear ſalutary to our ſouls; at leaſt not without ſoon diſcovering, and being forced to acknowledge the error. Do we not ſee that all is vanity? What earthly good can follow us to another life? What periſhable joy has not deceived our hopes? And mean time, how weak we are—and how often do we expoſe ourſelves to the danger of being again deceived? O fly to my aſſiſtance ye conſolatary images of death; quit your nocturnal tombs, and ſerious eternity!—repulſe my ſoul whenever ſhe ſhall deviate a ſingle path from the right road—

whenever a flattering joy ſhall tempt me to betray the ſupreme beauties, which alone I ought to love—when dignity, wealth or power, ſhall ſtrive to dazzle my eyes, and make themſelves appear in a luſtre, only derived from a diſordered imagination——whenever my fervent zeal for ſublime virtues ſhall decline or abate—when my faith or conſtancy ſhall tremble, at the obſtructions that may encroach on its journey; or when corrupted by the predominant examples of the world, I may ceaſe to think as I ſpeak, act as I teach, and to be what I appear. O then come, ye dark images of death, and of veiled futurity — dreadful ideas of a

laſt

laſt hour—a ſolemn trial, and impending judgment; come to diſperſe all the phantoms of ſenſuality. Animate my heart with new forces——with invincible courage, to conquer the baſe part of myſelf, and make me advance more ſpeedily in the career, I have begun with infirmity.

The higheſt wiſdom of man, conſiſts in living in ſuch a manner, that when at the frontiers of eternity, he may look behind, not with a corroding conſcience, but with a conſcious eaſe, and ſatisfactory countenance.

Yes, celeſtial Iſmena, with a noble pride I already endeavour to think as thou doſt, in beholding

ing and contemplating life, death, and eternity, in their real proportions. The praiſes of men are not ſufficient for me: I ſtrive to be applauded by heavenly ſpectators. I long for angelic ſmiles, and to be beheld from the ſummit of thy ſphere, with content—ſeraphic eyes. My mind convinced of its dignity, knows all its duties—they are ſimilar to thine, Iſmena: *They are ſolemnizing the ſupreme Celeſtial.* Let this be my eternal burden, in whatever place I may dwell, under this zone, or under any other—in this ſtrange, bewildered country, or in ſublimer regions, the real abode of ſpirits.

Thy

Thy felicity, Iſmena, will confirm theſe ſentiments in all minds ſuſceptible of love and imitation.

What better proofs of our immortal love and virtue can we give thee, but in endeavouring to render ourſelves worthy of thy love; and to join thee after the accompliſhment of our peregrination, in the happy realms of celeſtial bliſs.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

O Thou, who only needeſt to be incorporeal, to be an angel; beautiful, harmonic ſoul! the more amiable while humility, and a modeſt diffidence conceals thy own excellence from thyſelf: Permit my ſpirit to approach thee in ſilence, to illuſtrate the ideas, that hover in thy boſom, and adorn thy lovely face with ſuch heavenly ſmiles. Thou conſidereſt the omni-preſent love of a commiſerating power—a reconciled earth a re-

a reformation to order and holineſs—an open heaven—an undiſcribable eternity. Theſe ſacred truths, which in the opinion of many, are but names without ſignification, do enrapture thy palpitating heart.

Thou beholdeſt this vain-glorious world—this tranſitory life—theſe joyful or diſmal dreams which we dream awake and which we call happineſs or miſery, in a different light, from what a vain paſſionate fancy repreſents them to be: The joys of this world loſe their dazzling gleam; and that which is thought an evil, its frightful ſhape. But what kind of wiſdom has inſpired thee with theſe ſublime thoughts?

Where

Where has thy inquiſitive ſpirit ſeized upon theſe ſecrets? What magic powers have enabled thee, to alter the ſhape of things, and to tranſport thyſelf into heavenly manſions; while others languiſh in the dales of miſery—bathe themſelves with the tears of calamity, and a ſtill greater number reap their pains in the arms of pleaſure, by precipitating themſelves, triumphant into the gulphs of wretchedneſs. Have penetrating *Platonians* inſpired thee with wiſdom; or have the celebrated temples of Egypt unlocked their myſterious ſanctuaries before thee? Neither of them! Thou mighteſt have been far from happineſs, if thou hadſt

ſtrayed

ſtrayed in thy noble purſuits: Thy wiſdom is founded on a ſublimer baſis! *Thou art a Chriſtian.* A divine beam has penetrated thy ſoul, and opened thy mental eye, to behold the real ſhape of things, and every object in its primitive purity.

Happy ſouls, that are enlightened by ſuch a beam! Such is the moſt powerful refutation, to thoſe ſimple beings, who deride the faith of a Chriſtian —— Name, ye learned ſophiſts, name a man, happier than a real Chriſtian, if you can! How much more ſublime is his method of thinking, in compariſon with the groveling opinions, and animal

animal ſenſations of thoſe little ſouls, who are not able to ſee farther, than their ſenſes reach. He inhabits a different world. His world is a real beauty—a pure harmony, for he beholds it in the luſtre, which the omnipreſence of Divinity, ſpreads over all.

All was good, when the repoſing Creator ſurveyed his incomparable work, with a ſatisfactory glance: And *all muſt be good*, when after the expiration of times, *He* will be *all in all*.

A Chriſtian contemplates futurity enveloped in the preſent; this renders him eaſy, and leſſens the evils, with which he ſees this world

world oppreſſed. In every viciſſitude of life, he reveres the Father of wiſdom. Nature is his ſecond paradiſe! Here he earns his pleaſures—here he elevates and extends his deſires – it is here, where he is inſpired with heavenly thoughts! His heart overflowing with a general love, rejoices over the general perfection and brightneſs of things. He rejoices to ſee every thing happy, that lives under the ſcepter of the all-ſeeing God. Nothing can affect his joy, but the moral evils of men: For he conſiders the nature of men full of dignity — It is impoſſible for him to deſpiſe a being, formed after the image of God, who has made great and myſterious proviſions for

for his exiſtence, and whoſe nature, the God-man has exalted above the arch-angels. How far differs his judgment from the prejudice of fools. Every thing is indifferent to him, except that which relates to the immortal part of ourſelves. Golden treaſures — pompous appellations — all the glimmering productions of vanity, are mere ſplendid nothings, and lay covered with duſt, daſhed far beneath his obſervation. In his eyes, this world poſſeſſes quite another form, than what it does in the ſquinting ſight of opinionated perverters.

Myriads of ſeraphs moving in in azure ſkies, are viſible only to

to the ſoul of a Chriſtian: They obſerve our actions, — protect helpleſs infancy and wavering innocence—breathe peace into the boſom of the righteous, and number the tears of ſuffering virtue. *Earth is the plantation of heaven.* The omni-preſence of a reconciled Deity is ſpread over it. Our Judge himſelf, is the the inſpector and witneſs of our lives. And what elſe is this life, but a ſtate of probation, in which every thing refers to another world—in which we ſow to reap in an unknown futurity; and on which the happineſs or miſery of our eternal duration, depends every hour.

Here

Here muſt be decided what we are to be hereafter! Here we learn to think holily, in order to render us capable of taſting the heavenly joys in the life hereafter.

Our ſouls muſt be purged here, from the lees of ſenſuality, and from their perverſe own-ſelves; if the pure, chryſtal ſtreams of the æther ſhall not caſt us out like uſeleſs foam. But here—already here, may our felicity commence, which ſhall be accompliſhed hereafter: Already here, may our ſpirits live, as Enoch with God, whom he was created to contemplate. O unutterable thought! May it penetrate thy boſom! to feel it entirely is a fore-

fore-taſte of heaven, capable of depriving us of the taſte of all earthly joys.

And who, or where is he, who dares to pronounce us unhappy, even if our ſorrows were as manifold as thoſe of the firſt confeſſors of Chriſtianity? And what elſe can the voices of complaint or diſcontent, that often riſe within us—what elſe can they be, but the poiſoning exhalations of an evil genius, who endeavours to render us, ungrateful to our Maker againſt our own inclinations; and to remove from before our eyes, the ſublime mark we endeavoured to aim at. Away with all ſenſations, which do not originate

in the ſublime truth, that we are formed after the image, and born to contemplate the Eternal. Away, hence, with all indolence and diſquietude—with every thing that may obſtruct the ſoul in her career towards perfection. A holy joy ſhall over-power our ſouls! Look around, and behold every object in a heavenly light, which reflects from Him, who is the reflection of the ſplendor of God. This is the light in which the gentiles walk. Every object appears there in its real ſhape. The *world*, is the temple of God. The *earth*—the country of his revelation, where he dwelleth. Each *creature*, from the ſun to the ſmalleſt grain—witneſſes of a heavenly

heavenly Omni-preſence. *Men* —our brothers, befriended by angels. *This life*—the road to heaven. *Death*—an amiable meſſenger, who ſummoneth us to real life. *The laſt judgment*—a triumph of God's mercy and renovated innocence. *Eternity*—an infinite proſpect of everlaſting happineſs.

CHAP. XIII.

ART thou aſleep, B . . .! thou, who with heroic boldneſs didſt always ſtrive to maintain the rights of good-ſenſe and reaſon—thou ſlumbereſt! Haſt thou made peace with ſtupidity, and thoſe little ſpirits, who have ſo often felt the effects of thy zeal, through the laſh of thy pen.

Always inflamed with a real ſympathy for the good, could thy ſince degraded mind have accuſtomed itſelf to ſottiſhneſs, which

which ſeems to have eſtabliſhed its throne on this ſublunary globe. Can the Cotins* eſcape thy chaſtiſement; becauſe time and experience have, perhaps, evinced, that every ſtate is become a prey to them.

Ah! if that be the caſe, thou ſurely doſt not imitate the celebrated Swift, whoſe conteſt with ſtupidity, became animated in proportion as he approached his laſt cataſtrophe. Age ſhould naturally render a critical ſpirit yet more ſevere. To whom would the cenſure of mankind

* For the better explanation of the word *Cotin*, it is thought proper to quote here the words of a French Author; which are alſo mentioned among the remarks in the firſt book of Pope's Dunciad.
"*Qui mepriſe Cotin, n'eſtime point ſon roi*;
"*Et n'a ſelon Cotin, ni Dieu, ni foi, ni loi.*"---BOIL.
Whoever diſdains Cotin, does not eſteem his king; and has, according to Cotin, neither a God, religion, nor laws.

be more becoming than the aged?

Their ſtubbornneſs ſtrikes him more ſenſibly; and the ſimpleſt tranſgreſſions rouſe his obſervations. Verily, I do not conceive thou art able to reſiſt the frequent temptations, to reaſſume thy ſo well ſupported character; for it muſt be exceedingly difficult to abſtain from writing ſatire on our times. Merely to laugh at our follies, is either too much or too little for thee. Art thou then concealed in ſome hermitage? Art thou ignorant of what paſſes among Men?

Perhaps it might diſpleaſe thee at preſent to be informed reſpect-

reſpecting thoſe, thou uſeſt to chaſtiſe ſo ſeverely.

Know then, that the Cotins, who ſo often diverted thee, have infinitely multiplied themſelves, and the number of thoſe, who peſter the world with their monſtrous productions is ſo extenſive, that a voluminous dictionary cannot contain their names. In thy time, there were miſerable ſcribblers, who inſpired contempt or pity. But now, in our enlightened century, they are all ingenious wits; and there is not one, who does not believe himſelf ſo conſequential, as to make us apprehend an anarchy.

The news of the day, however entertaining it may appear to a lover of caricature, would be as ſtrange to me, as thou at preſent ſeemeſt a ſtranger to it.

Accuſtomed to nobler objects, I might have little cared, for the events that paſs in the ſphere of *beaux eſprits*, or paltry writers (epithets become ſynonimous in the chronicle of ſcandal, among the loweſt populace) but when I reflect, that thoſe inſects which appear ſo very inſignificant to thee, may cauſe ravages by their cunning and multitude—when I conſider that moral ſenſe is nearly allied to a good taſte in fine arts and polite literature, and that theſe inſects, imperceptibly diſ-

ſeminate

ſeminate a corrupting and diſtructive poiſon in the world, although obſerved by few perſons only—when I think, how on one ſide the moſt promiſing talents are miſapplied, or abuſed; and with what meanneſs on the other, we yield a kind of tyranny to brute, and entirely obſcured ſouls——that the culture and perfection of arts and ſciences are infected by them—that the natural ſentiments of the true, the good, and the exquiſite, are corrupted or extinguiſhed; and that, thus the empire of truth ſuffers by thoſe beings, who appear ſo diminutive and contemptible. . . O! B—— when I make ſimilar reflections, I find it becomes a ſpirit ſtrongly

animated with the love of truth, to caſt a glance on the actions of theſe vile inſects, and to conſider of means that might be effectual enough to prevent and deſtroy their pernicious activity.

Perhaps that, which abaſes moſt our century, is the indifference wherein thoſe ſeem to be abſorbed; who ſee clearer, think better, and judge ſounder, than the literary populace. A falſe gentility, and a vain fear, inſpired by thoſe Cotins, who, by their rank, wealth, or ingenuity enjoy ſome credit—an idle fondneſs for eaſe, and chiefly a ſhameful prejudice, that truth muſt give way to certain conſiderations—make idle ſpectators of

of a great number of *Ariſtarchus's*, who might, and ſhould employ themſelves in the reformation of mankind; and it is thus, that ſtupidity domineers in peace over all its conqueſts.

But what are we to do, B——? Muſt we inſult them with the zeal of a *Juvenal*? The cauſe is, without doubt, important enough to inſpire humour, and to ſharpen all the edges of cauterization: But I apprehend we ſhould gain but little by our troubles; for our age is too corrupted to be impreſſed by any ſerious objections. Shall we again reſume the toilſome care, to inſtruct thoſe barbarians? After all, hitherto ſpoke or written for reformation, they

prove incorrigible. The ſame reaſons that led Socrates to declare all the eminent magiſtrates, orators, and learned of Athens fools, prevail with us. They do not perceive their own ignorance; but at leaſt we might hope a reformation from good examples. It is true, they love imitation; but their utmoſt efforts generally prove as ſucceſsful as thoſe of apes, imitating men.—— Thus, what remains for us to do? We muſt take in hand again our avenging rods, and chaſtiſe them until they promiſe to renounce the temptation to write, and to out-live themſelves in their productions.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

THE ſpirit, with whom my ſoul entertains herſelf at this inſtant, is one of thoſe meſſengers, whom the Monarch of the univerſe has appointed to be as his angel among depraved men—one of thoſe ſouls by whom order and truth muſt be maintained, and the moral world ſaved from a total confuſion. It is one of thoſe great ſouls, who animated by

by ſublime views, and actuated by powerful motives, has an irriſtible influence over thouſands of other ſouls, and is capable of conducting them like ſtreams, by the commanding force of his eloquence. Let me be allowed to rejoice with him. A ſentiment, that cannot fail of riſing within his mind, will inform him, that it is himſelf whom I have in view: a ſympathetic power will prevail on him to liſten attentively to my advice. O dear ſoul! hear the accents of real friendſhip: They invite thee to become *acquainted with thyſelf.* Nobody is more in want of this knowledge than great and ingenious men. Do we not often ſee thoſe,

whom

whom nature has endowed with the greateſt abilities, and deſigned for great purpoſes, buried in oblivion of themſelves—diſgrace their ſublime deſtination, and annihilate themſelves in a circle of minute and frivolous occupations? They believe themſelves privileged to diſpenſe with the laws of reaſon and nature and to be their own legiſlators: but alas! how permanent is their illuſion! A creature cannot be good, but in endeavouring to fulfil the deſign of its exiſtence.

A created ſpirit can not be wiſer than in ſubmiſſion to the purpoſes of the ſupreme Spirit. What could have induced the

Infinite

Infinite to bring forth *finite* ſpirits, if he had not a deſign to accompliſh? Thus can we ever be wiſer than in conforming to the views of the Almighty? Conſcious of our own weakneſs, can we ever be happier than in a total reſignation to his purpoſes, and entire reliance on his eternal juſtice? Such is the true meaſure, that meaſures the grandeur of ſpirits. But no! timorous mortals forget their dependance, and want the evidence of ſomething ſupernatural; they are dazzled by the glare of ſenſuality, and the image of their own figure—they neglect—nay, diſdain the eternal laws, on which alone they ought to fix

their

their views. The angel inſpired by Divinity, flames with a deſire to perform his commands, and to carry them with a winged expedition into thouſands of worlds. The eternal Son of the Father, the King of the families of immortals, in ſpeaking of himſelf, ſaid, that his will was to fulfil the will of his Father. Thus is he the moſt perfect, who is moſt zealous to promote the concerns of heaven——and moſt-devoted to his deſigns. Such are the great rules, indicating to ſpirits, the unerring veſtiges preſcribed them; and it is impoſſible to err in ſtrictly purſuing them.

It is true, that common affairs, frivolous cuſtoms, narrow ideas, which fools adopt for models, are unfit for noble ſouls. But univerſal order, truth, goodneſs, the welfare of all, and the glory of the Eternal, who has created, actuated, and animated all; ſuch are their laws, and a reaſonable being, that deviates from them, is like a planet ſwerving from the right career, and dragging in its own deſtruction, all thoſe it meets in the eccentric courſe.

Theſe principles, O Philaminthes, ought to govern all thy enterpriſes! Do not yield to other deſires, but ſuch as form the object of the higheſt ambition

tion of heavenly ſpirits, to whom thou art ſo nearly allied. Be guided by theſe, and diſdain all others. Let thoſe, whoſe minds are too weak to reſiſt the impreſſions of what ſtrikes the ſenſes and paints the charms of happineſs, created by a capricious imagination; delight in vaniſhing pleaſures —— empty honors, and vain titles—let them employ all the powers of their miſguided underſtandings to eſtabliſh themſelves for an eternity in this life, as vaniſhing as night on the dawn of morning—let them eſteem titles, ribbands, and offices, as advantages worthy of envy, and let them pine away, like the covetous miſer over his treaſure,

ſure; for ſuch vile cares belong to vulgar ſouls. But let thy deſires employ all thy forces in a ſphere, as extended as Providence thinks fit to unfold, for the promotion of the grand intentions which cauſed thy exiſtence.—How few—very few, are thoſe who ſeriouſly ſtrive to attain to ſuch a perfection! How few are thoſe who think on that, which alone ſhould occupy their thoughts! How univerſal is the abuſe of the moſt noble qualities! Men undertake to diſpoſe of themſelves, according to their caprices or ſelf-intereſt.

This poetical genius, educated by the muſes, and inſpired by the

the graces, might be a Pindar; but alas! he is only an Anacreon. He might, in ſublime and tranſporting tunes, chant the wonders of God, and mix his harmonious accents with the ſongs of ſeraphs; but he prophanes his talents, in the praiſe of laſcivious Phillis. Another appointed to draw the heroes and heroines of virtue from oblivion —to diſplay, in example, all that is noble, excellent and worthy the greatneſs of a human ſoul —to ſhow that a virtuous man may approach the perfection of angels—this ſilly mortal compoſes nothing but wild, romantic tales, and endeavours, by the charms of his narration and the

ſillineſs of his turns, to perſuade his readers, that vice is entirely conformable to the nature of men.

What a ſwarm of hare-brain'd witlings, and empty poetaſters, has not that ridiculous rage to pleaſe, and become famous, produced; whilſt, if they had on the contrary, ſtrove to appear in the world, in a proper manner, they might have rendered themſelves capable, of executing the moſt uſeful and moſt noble enterpriſes.

Is it not a ſhame, that men of the greateſt abilities, abaſe themſelves ſo far, as to conform to the

the taſte and prejudice of people, whom they ought to preſcribe laws, and eſtabliſh rules amongſt? How can it be ſuffered, that a true philoſophical mind, appointed to guide infantile ſouls, by its inſtructions——to combat with an herculean courage, all the errors and follies, and to prevent our moral evils, with the abilities of a Socrates: how, I ſay, do not we bluſh to let ſuch a mind abſorb itſelf, in vain diſputes, and ſcholaſtic ſubtleties. But we muſt confeſs, the ages of Platos, Xenophons, and Plutarchs are paſt, and the time is vaniſhed, when, inſtead of pedantry, they ſelected thoſe ſublime ſpirits for maſters, who drew their wiſdom from the pureſt ſources,

ſources, proclaimed and inſpired the love of truth, and of great actions, which are become almoſt foreign among us. Yes, thoſe happy days are vaniſhed. And to complete our misfortune, our modern ſophiſts — our ſelf-opiniated witlings, are dazzled to ſuch a degree, as only to converſe about enlightened times, and look upon the great geniuſes of antiquity, from the ſummit of their towering collections, with a ſtupid diſdain.— They are not aware, that thoſe of their caſt would ſcarcely have been ſerviceable, as copyiſts, in the time of Plato.

Thou art happy, Philaminthes, to think better, although born among, and under the climate of

of thoſe preſumptuous ignorants. During an indefatigable ſtudy, thy mind has formed itſelf after the ſages of enlightened antiquity. They have familiarized thee with nature; they have unfolded to thee the inmoſt receſſes of the human heart: Thence thou poſſeſſeſt this taſte, which makes thee chuſe, combine, and expreſs the true and excellent, with the proper ideas worthy of them. They have apprized thee, that philoſophy, confounded by our ſophiſts with the art of debating, is the real knowledge of life. Strive at preſent to make a worthy uſe of thy knowledge. Endeavour to become the competitor of thy maſters. Diffuſe over others,

the beams which enlighten thee. Shun the contagious ſociety of our little wits, and purſue always thy ſolitary road, without the leaſt concern about their inſipid raillery.

But above all, let thy principal aim be to perform, by choice or preference, what ought to be the object of all magnanimous ſouls; the welfare of a world, whereof thou art an inhabitant, and to preſerve the moral order, which would ſoon be plunged into a chaos, if the ſmall number of wiſe and virtuous ſhould with-draw their ſalutary rays. Perfection, knowing neither envy nor fear, unfolds and communicates itſelf voluntarily. A ſpirit having

having enriched himſelf with a true taſte for order and goodneſs, is always full of activity. He burns with deſire to diſplay and extend, for the happineſs of others, what he has arranged in himſelf, under the auſpices of the Divine Spirit. But do not, form a vain project of renewing the examples of Epaminondas and Ariſtides, in the preſent world, or of introducing them into the counſels of princes. Our age will ſuffer no Epaminondaſes nor Catos, and great men only permit us to think, or to wiſh, but not to act even in thoſe inſtances where they are not able to act themſelves. Endeavour to convert them by other methods: conteſt with ignorance, the chief

ſource of all moral evils. Diſſeminate truth thro' all men and their ſtations, for it ſhould not be confined to a ſmall number of adepts only. Find out the neceſſities of men, and neglect not to employ the ſmalleſt means, by which they might be reſtored.

Whether it be that like Homer, thou preſenteſt us the mirror of human life; or leadeſt us, as Plato, through choice entertainments, to the temple erected by truth: whether thou recovereſt us, like a Lucian, from our folly, by means of a philanthropic ſatire; or laſtly, thou reuniteſt different talents, in ſometimes embracing this, and ſometimes another method, it is

no

no matter; but let thy abilities always conduce towards ſuch noble enterpriſes. Let their principal motive be always inſtruction, but not in ſuch a manner as to tickle the fancy of a reader, nor merely to diſplay thyſelf, as an unchaſte fair, wantonly endeavours, as if it were, involuntarily expoſing her mercenary charms, to the diſguſt of modeſt bye-ſtanders. Obſerve carefully, that thy productions be always uſeful, and delicately entertaining.

However eſtimable wit may be, when applied to the emanations of truth, it nevertheleſs becomes barren when it ſtands alone; and in this caſe, it can

only be entertaining to ſuch fools who are profeſſed admirers and lovers of rope-dancing and tumbling; not becauſe this art is uſeful or pleaſing, but merely for its difficulty.

The ſcience of writing, as well as other more noble arts, is, in the preſent century, become a wretched profeſſion. In ancient times, there did not exiſt any other writers, but thoſe ſublimely enlightened minds, whoſe chief application was to ſearch and examine what is good and true, noble and excellent. They communicated to the world their experience, and the reflections they had made on ſuch ſubjects as appeared eminently con-

conducible, or conſpicuouſly eſſential to the welfare of their ſouls. Moſt of our modern authors write only from motives of vanity or malice, or urged by vile intereſts. Men, who never learned nor experienced any thing uſeful, become authors, and imperceptibly ſpread a contagion, by infecting the public with profane, frivolous, and obſcene productions.

Thus far, O Philamintes! they abuſe the invaluable liberty of the preſs; the privilege of thoſe great minds, and ſublime geniuſſes, deſtined by nature to inſtruct and enlighten the moral world, in pointing out and explaining the emblems of virtue,

and to ſerve as oracles of immortal truth.

Art thou not inclined to aſſiſt in reſtoring the preſent perverted ſtate, to its ancient luſtre? Doſt thou not belong to the ſmall number of thoſe, for whom Shafteſbury did not write his advices in vain?

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

WHAT may be the cauſe of this violent emotion, ſo apparent in thy features, and what kind of uneaſineſs could effect a ſimilar agitation in thy courageous boſom, dear Albion? Undoubtedly matter of no leſs dignity than importance ſtruggles within thy veins.

"Thy prognoſtication is ra-
"ther too ſanguine, for the vio-
"lent emotion thou pretendeſt to

" perceive within me I am en-
" tirely ignorant of. All that
" paſſes within my mind is no-
" thing more than a fooliſh ru-
" mination on a trifle, which
" happened yeſterday eve; the
" iſſue whereof, may be an af-
" fair of honor, and conſequent-
" ly become a matter of no ſmall
" importance to the world, al-
" though it is of very little to
" myſelf, which thou needeſt no
" further aſſurance of, ſince
" thou art convinced of my bra-
" very."

The viſible darkening of thy wonted ſerenity, I confeſs, has led me to believe thee affected with an unuſual perplexity; but however inſignificant thy emo-

tion

tion may be, doſt thou think it worth the trouble to favour a ſincere friend and well-wiſher of thine, with a ſhort relation of its origin?

"Fain wouldſt thou be per-
"ſuaded of my uneaſineſs; but
"liſten and judge, whether
"cauſes of ſo very little moment
"could have effected the leaſt
"diſquiet in the ſoul of a
"man."

"Thou art, perhaps, not ig-
"norant of the fame, the beauti-
"ful, and let me add, the once
"moſt amiable of her ſex, Celia,
"had acquired in the polite
"world. In the time, when
"her youth and innocence

" kept her bloſſoming charms,
" as it were, buried above earth,
" it coſt me unuſual trouble
" to engage the affections of her
" heart, too much infected by the
" over-nice parental notions of
" virtue; which, however, with
" repeated perſuaſions, founded
" on a kind of matrimonial, of
" courſe effectual promiſes, I was
" fortunate enough to weaken by
" degrees, and at laſt entirely to
" obliterate."

" After the removal of the
" only obſtruction to my deſires,
" I for ſome time enjoyed all the
" wiſhed-for pleaſure; but as
" the fickleneſs of human na-
" ture bids us mortals to ſeek
" our felicity in the bleſſed
" ſource

" ſource of variety, I diſencum-
" bered myſelf as ſoon as I
" found novelty for my gratifi-
" cation."

" Oblivion had almoſt extin-
" guiſhed the remembrance of
" her, when I was informed of
" her union with a man, whoſe
" reputation being none of the
" pureſt, I chanced to caſt a
" few merry reflections on his
" character, however without
" the leaſt malice; but mere-
" ly to enliven the jovial glaſs
" of my friends. Doubtleſs,
" ſome good-natured ſoul, who
" thought ſcandal a merit, had
" faithfully reported my own
" words, which the man in
" queſtion, at laſt night's aſſem-
bly,

" bly, had the effrontery to re-
" prove, and even to inſiſt on
" a public revocation. I not
" only refuſed his requeſt, but
" for his impudent audacity, in
" publickly attacking a man of
" of my rank, and diſquieting
" the company, properly con-
" firmed what I had aſſerted be-
" fore, whereupon I was me-
" naced with, and this morning
" accordingly received a ſum-
" mons of honor.——

Amazed at thy firſt reflection, I ſcarcely remember in what kind of language thou didſt proceed.

" If ever thou haſt moved in
" the politer ſpheres of life,
" ſurely

" ſurely thou canſt not be ama-
" zed at ſuch inſignificant and
" daily occurrences !"

Daily and inſignificant didſt thou ſay ?——But perhaps my ignorance ariſes from a mind infected with the vulgar notions of reaſon, too ſtrongly inculcated by overnice parental inſtruction.

However refined the modern converſations, and entertainments of the polite world may be, I do not in the leaſt envy its ſuperiority, but feel myſelf eaſier in a humbler ſphere of life, where I am able to underſtand and practiſe the dictates of common ſenſe. If, from theſe, thou doſt not apprehend a cor-

ruption

ruption of thy refined taſte, I ſolicit thy attention for a few minutes.

A human being, conſcious of its creation for a ſocial life in this world, endowed with a moderate ſhare of underſtanding, eaſily diſcovers the dependence of human felicity on natural attachments to moral or phyſical objects. It is from a too ſuperficial conſideration of the worth and permanency of the latter, that our expectations are diſappointed.

No doubt, but at preſent thou perceiveſt the cauſe whence the ficklenes of man, ſo much complained of, ariſes.

Hence

Hence, a man cannot be too conſiderate in directing and fixing his attachments. Thus, how canſt thou be juſtified in ſporting with the affections of the weaker ſex, whence their earthly happineſs or miſery chiefly originates? If thou hadſt ever conſidered, that they alone ſuffer the agonies in the propagation of the human ſpecies—that the invaluable health of our lives, is entirely owing to their tender cares in our infancy;—that our moſt exquiſite pleaſures, during the ſhort period of our lives, ariſe from a lawful union with them; thou wouldſt ſurely be leſs oſtentatious of their ruin, and perhaps more anxious for their welfare.

But

But alas! our ſex too frequently become the very tyrants of thoſe amiable objects, whoſe happineſs they were born to promote——too frequently become the very deſtroyers of that honor and virtue, which they ſhould live to protect.

And in what manner art thou able to excuſe, wantonly defaming the character of thy fellow creature, on which the peace of his mind, and often his temporal ſupport, or prolongation of his exiſtence, entirely depends. Even if current reports were always credible, would it not be more conſiſtent with the dignity of a man, rather to allay than to exaggerate the faults of thy neighbours?

bours? But thou, who on a mere report judgeſt of, or perhaps, on a conjecture of thy own, ſlighteſt the reputation of others, didſt thou ever examine how far thy own is clear, or reprehenſible? On an unbiaſſed diſquiſition of thy inconſiderate actions, if it were poſſible to behold them at once in the mirror of uncorrupted nature, thy paſt conduct would doubtleſs be reflected in ſuch colours, as would greatly leſſen the enormity of others and magnify thy own. Thou wouldeſt then, perhaps, to thy own ſurpriſe, be convinced, that many of thy fellow creatures have ſuffered by the *letter* of the laws, for treſpaſſes, far leſs conſequential than thine; and that thou,

and

and many others, ſtiling their pernicious practices, *daily inſignificant occurrences* unjuſtly eſcape the true *ſpirit* of them.

But lo! thy preſent ſituation is more critical than thou ſeemeſt, or, perhaps, wiſheſt to be aware of. If thou art ſenſible of earthly enjoyments, the ſingle thought of leaving this gay world, with all its pleaſures; and of being, perchance, in a few hours, inanimated, or made a cripple for life, muſt ſeize thee, in ſpite of all thy oſtentation, with a kind of horror.

Yet, notwithſtanding all this, thou art determined to ſhew the world, that thou art a man of honor,

honor, according to the ſenſe thou fixeſt on the word. Thy wordly affairs however ſhould be arranged, for there is, in thy opinion, no alternative, but homicide or cowardice.

Before thy honorable deſign is put into execution—ere a vile trucidation cries for wrath from heaven, permit me a few queſtions, reſpecting the merit of thy heroiſm. Art thou aſhamed, when thy paſſions have been ſo far intoxicated, as by improper words or actions, unjuſtly to provoke the anger, and to excite the juſt reſentment of thy, perhaps, moſt intimate acquaintance —art thou aſhamed, I ſay, or, *too much* a gentleman to make a prudent, nay, an honorable atone-

atonement, when, after the reſtoration of thy ſenſes, reaſon has reſumed its throne? Or doſt thou judge it to be more glorious, and conſiſtent with wiſdom, coolly to confirm, or to aggravate the injury, by a defiance, as bigotted as it is deſpicable, in the eye of a man of true honor and philanthropy? On the other hand—If thou art a man whom Providence has bleſſed with the ſenſe of his exiſtence, ſuppoſing thee provoked by a being, deſtitute, or at leaſt in the moment the inſult is offered, deprived of reaſon (for ſo it muſt be, if conſidered as above only the ſavageſt kinds of animals) is it then an act of prudence or of honor, to condeſcend to draw lots

lots for expiation with the culprit? He, fully coincident with the honorable feelings of his brave adverſary, will, on receipt of the cruentous ſummons, inſtead of being chaſtiſed for an unpardonable offence, doubtleſs be pleaſed with the barbarian opportunity, kindly offered him, to obtain an equal glory in the bloody conflict; in the tremendous expectation whereof, both the injured and the injurer run the reciprocal hazard of being unpreparedly plunged into an awful eternity, with all the agonies attending a horrible death; or of being diſmembered for the reſt of their wretched lives,—an earthly reward, adequate

quate to their wanton oſtentation.

If a modern hero (taking the word in the ſenſe alluded to, they are but very common) thinks himſelf injured to ſuch a degree as to deem the injury unpardonable, without revenge; is not the ſatisfaction offered him by the laws of his country, ſufficient to atone for the ſeverity of the crime? Suppoſing the voice of religion and virtue, or even that of common ſenſe, has not ſo much aſcendency over his paſſions, inflamed with a dangerous illuſion, as to prevent his becoming a victorious murderer, does he hope to ſcreen himſelf from the never-

failing

failing vengeance of heaven, in the corroſion of his conſcience, when branded with the name of aſſaſſin—execrated by the unhappy relatives of the bleeding victim, he is forced to leave his deareſt friends, and fly from his native country, to ſeek a ſhelter from the proſecution of juſtice? Or, is the remembrance of having his character ſtained with a bloody triumph over his fellow creature, perhaps ſufficient to pacify the revolting organs of nature, and to ſilence the feelings of humanity, infuſed by a ſuperior power, to diſtinguiſh between human and brutiſh? Does he not wantonly abandon his poor help-mate and little ones, and leave them expoſed,

perhaps, to the greateſt miſeries, unparalleled even among the moſt rapacious monſters of the brute creation?

But if thy ſentiments of courage are unjuſtifiable, in a reaſonable, or philoſophical ſenſe; how much more atrocious muſt they become, on contemplating them as a Chriſtian.

Ah! ye advocates for premeditated man-ſlaughter, under the conceit of heroiſm; how widely do you miſtake the glorious character of a true heroic Briton, renowned among all nations! How far do the polluted notions of bravery miſlead your judg-

judgment! Is it owing to your natural gravity, melancholy, or to the profound penetration of your underſtanding, that ye ſlight the ſacred treaſures of health and life, which Providence has entruſted you with, and which it is beyond your power to reſtore.

Is it poſſible, that your fanaticiſm of courage—your frantic tendency to acquire fame, can deprive you ſo far of your faculties, as to make you contend for glory, in the abominable act of wilfully murdering, or deliberately ſubmitting to be murdered?

The real man of honor, conſcious of a life to come, as alſo of the neceſſary performance of

his duties, as a citizen of the world, is far above condeſcending to notice the ſuperficial, nay, often ridiculouſly ſtupid reflections of narrow-minded *would-be* heroes, liberally allowing for the ſacred truth, that "where little "is given, little CAN or will be "required."

He is contented with, and enjoys the bleſſed protection of his king and country, in defiance of the blood-thirſty challenger himſelf, and all the homicidal bravados on his account.

Applauded by the wiſe, and reſpected by the good, he lives in concord with all men; happy with

with his family and friends; and dies in peace with heaven.

His ſublunary pilgrimage thus nobly finiſhed, he enters eternal glory.

CHAP. XVI.

PEACE to thy manes from the Origin of being, the Father of exiſtence, whoſe all-ſeeing eye indiſcriminately glances on, and cheriſhes all-living.——Who will ſoon join my wandering ſoul with that of my beloved friend and lord, in the elect abode, where all pre-eminence conſiſts in goodneſs.

" Retire from the hallowed
" ſpot, where the illuſtrious re-
" mains

" mains of my anceſtors are de-
" poſited, and do not profane,
" with thy ignoble approach,
" the coſtly urns, where their
" ſacred relics reſt enſhrined;
" for I am the only offspring
" left to preſerve the reſpect,
" and protect the dignity of
" illuſtrious fore-fathers, from
" the inſolence of wretched
" ſlaves."

True, I am but an humble ſlave, and though only proſtrated before the tomb, and paying nature's tribute to the memory of a dearly beloved maſter and benefactor, my aged limbs obey the commands of an indignant lord; but whatſoever his power, he ſhall not prevent my mind

being preſent, where ſoon I muſt, and 'ere long he may be.

" Thanks to thy grey hairs, " that I have mercy upon thee, " and thou eſcapeſt the chaſtiſe- " ment thy inſolence deſerves; " for thou ſeemeſt to have forgot " the difference between the " high and low born——that " noble diſtinction which ele- " vates us above the vulgar " ſpecies, whom it keeps at an " humble diſtance, with that " juſt reſpect, due to the ſupe- " riority of our blood. Who " but thoſe, in whoſe veins it " circulates, are the commanders " of legions, the deſtroyers of " foes, and earn the trophies of " glory! Who but thoſe are

" crowned

" crowned with laurels, and im-
" mortalized by fame, to the
" terror of the conquered, and
" admiration of men! By whom
" are ſtates, kingdoms and em-
" pires eſtabliſhed; their in-
" habitants governed; nay, the
" four parts of the world ruled
" but by thoſe of a noble ex-
" traction, the wiſeſt of beings."

Thy picture of nobility, no doubt, appears alluring to ſuch enthuſiaſtic fancies as thine; but prithee *when* and *where* did the Creator of the univerſe make a ſimilar diſtinction between the matter of which he formed the ſons of Adam?

Although its origin may have been the juſt reward for virtuous and noble actions; yet is it not obvious to every reaſonable being, that this very poſt-diluvian diſtinction of matter hath been abuſed, and the leſs rational part of mankind been impoſed upon! Superabundance of acres, metals and palaces; the diſtinctive honors of ſtars, ribbands and garters, may eſtabliſh temporary fame and dignity, and the luſtre of them may dazzle or delude the baſe and vulgar, to pay their ſecular homages in the anti-chambers of puffed-up clods of earth, ſtretched on glittering ſofas, under pompous canopies. But alas! where is the grandeur of ennobled machines void of a noble

noble ſoul, when diveſted of all their alluring appendages.

Behold the reſpectfully, but chiefly for reward, diſtinguiſhed *well-born*, caſt away in deſerted regions—removed from the ſociety of men, where his tender frame can neither be nouriſhed nor diſtinguiſhed by the aſſiſtance of mechanics——behold him, I ſay, in the company of his loweſt ſlave, and judge which of them, when equally obliged to toil for ſubſiſtence, is the moſt helpleſs—the moſt to be pitied? If the mind of the former is not noble or firm enough to ſupport the viciſſitudes of human fates, will he not have reaſon to repent of having been educated a tender-

ling, and of having lived more delicately than the reſt of his fellow creatures—or above his real deſtination, as an inhabitant of this world?

O nature, nature! ſublime conjunction of wonders and ſimplicities! thou firſt and only maſter-piece of creation, in which every thing neceſſary to the knowledge, and even happineſs of men, unfolds itſelf with their underſtandings; how is thy exalted dignity profaned by ſome unnatural beings, who often willingly remain covered with the veil of darkneſs, and taking thee for a myſterized labyrinth, ſtart at thy centric courſe!

They

They have invented a ſubſtitute in cuſtom, but how inconſiſtent does it often appear with reaſon, the faithful guide and companion of the former. What a contraſt do we diſcover on comparing the manners and laws of different nations; for what is ſanctified by the one is often deemed a crime by the other, and each of their legiſlators thinks his own wiſdom moſt conſiſtent with reaſon and juſtice. Some chant hymns of gratitude for not having been made like other men, and reproach Providence on the leaſt evil that may befal them. Others arraign the heavens, although unable to account for the primeval aim of nature's ſimpleſt productions. Let conjecturing phi-

philoſophers, and all the opinionative learned on earth, ponder and cavil ever ſo much, on matters above their ſphere——let them overſtrain their organs of thinking, they will ſtagger on what lays before them, in gazing at, and endeavouring to fathom the firmament—they can never arrive at the ſummit if they do not begin at the foot—and this, alas! is unfortunately either beneath their wiſdom or their pride.

But let us return and ſurvey the field of battle, the favorite ſoil for honor and fame. A war is begun to preſerve the honor or dignity of a crown—awful title! Alas! this mundane expreſſion is but too literally performed in

in ſacrificing the peace and happineſs, nay, even the lives of thouſands of fellow creatures for the honor of a piece of metal: for if we meant, as it ſhould, the welfare of a whole ſtate, ſurely there might be often eaſier means deviſed for the good of a nation, to ſatisfy a rapacious enemy, than thoſe which tend diametrically to the contrary—the oblation of permanent for tranſitory—real for political objects; for whatever divines may have advanced on the inſcrutable views of Providence, it could never be the deſign of an omniſcient Creator, to have the fineſt part of his own creation wantonly deſtroyed, before the threads of nature, or thoſe of fate have run their regular courſes.

But no! the powerful perſuaſions of reaſon, the ſtrongeſt impreſſions of nature and humanity are ſilenced by the tremendous ſound of glory, and the wiſdom, or rather the caprice of men, prevails with a triumphant malignity—the tools for deſtruction are prepared—the victims of ſlaughter arrayed with the cooleſt deliberation, in order to deſtroy one another with the greater ſolemnity—and for what? for vindicating the irreparably offended honor of a crown; or rather, for avenging a miſconſtrued word or action, againſt the dignity of, perhaps, one ſingle individual. The martial trumpets ſound aloud, to proclaim devaſtation and blood-ſhed!——

Sur-

Surrounding nature mourns in ſilent, trembling attention, and only re-echos the hiſſes of the univerſe, on the thundering carnage of its fineſt productions. This is the ſpot of glory, where thouſands of God's creatures are cruelly wounded, barbarouſly diſmembered, and wilfully ſlaughtered—where each trophy of glory is environed by a number of bleeding miſeries, like a barbarian deſpot by his trembling ſlaves—where each laurel, tinctured with blood, celebrates a number of ſlain victims;——the ſighs of aged parents,——the tears of diſconſolate widows, and the cries of helpleſs orphans, of both the vanquiſhed and the conquerors.

O how happy the ſovereign, who, by peacefully governing, endeavours to render his ſubjects ſo! But woe to thoſe, who, deaf to the feelings of humanity, and under frivolous pretences, ſacrifice the blood of fellow creatures in order to ſatisfy ambitious fancies;—who call their proceedings noble exploits, for the protection of dominions, which they only languiſh to extend.

Another example of human frailty, ſurpaſſing the bounds of nature and reaſon, calls aloud for reformation; for miniſters and judges, governors and kings, and all the mighty on earth, what a ſtriking inſtance of their being but

but too much men do they hold forth, when a ſentence of death, being pronounced on their fellow creatures, for crimes ſhort of actual and wilful murder; they reject a ſupplicating victim, with a more than deſpotic anſwer, *There is no mercy!* Good heavens, no mercy from creature to creature! O thou Almighty, who didſt create heaven and earth, and all that is under, on, or above them—who didſt command, that only thoſe, wilfully ſhedding the blood of others, ſhould periſh by the hands of others — how little muſt ſuch thy poor creatures be conſcious, that if Thou wert to puniſh with the ſame wrath as they do *here*— how little muſt they be conſcious,

that

that then, they themſelves could never entertain a ſhadow of hope of Salvation *hereafter*. How little muſt they be aware, that one eccentric ſtep of theirs is far more pernicious in its tendency, than the leſs enormous crimes of thouſands of thoſe, whom a too inconſiderate zeal has doom'd to periſh! They may, or rather pretend to have, the general welfare of their fellow creatures at heart, and therefore plead the conſtitution of a country; but alas! theſe are only ſecondary inſtances of human weakneſs, evidently ſhewing, that they are either too careleſs or too ignorant, to cure the contaminating ulcers in its womb, or to amend the abuſive *rules* eſtabliſhed perhaps in a time

time of ancient barbarity, as much as they have refined their *manners*. It is but too obvious, that the amendment of the former, would be more ſalutary in its effects, than the refinement of the latter; and yet they become, or remain, as it were, dim-ſighted amidſt the clearneſs ſurrounding them.

Great Heaven! what an awful account will thoſe, who are enlightened enough to diſcern the good, and poſſeſs power enough to effect it—what an awful account will they have to render on the day of judgment, for their unjuſtifiable indifference—for the inactivity of thoſe talents heaven never beſtows at random.

Ah, kind reader! whoſe boſom equally revolts at, and regrets thoſe errors—whoſe heart equally bleeds for the ſufferings of fellow creatures; but whoſe ſoul, kindled with the utmoſt ſympathiſing tenderneſs, may think the ardour of mine too ſevere for the ſenſation of ſympathy! Pardon, if ſome utterances have been leſs generous, and leſs pathetic than others. But reſt aſſured, that my heart, nevertheleſs, expands with unutterable wiſhes, to wipe the tear of affliction, and to alleviate the ſorrows of men—that my ſoul, nevertheleſs, ſtrives with ſympathetic attraction for their welfare.

Adieu

Adieu then, ye dear congenial ſouls of ſympathy, diſperſed upon this ſublunary globe, whoſe ſenſations are kindred to my own! Although time and diſtance in human life have ſeparated us, and prevent our knowledge of each other in this earthly attire; yet a pure and perſevering virtue will ſoon, very ſoon, releaſe us from a tranſitory bondage, and re-unite us in the ever bliſsful realms of the SUPER CELESTIAL.

FINIS.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM